

HENRY PEASE
A SHORT
STORY
OF HIS LIFE

BY M. H. P.



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Henry Pease

HENRY PEASE.

A SHORT STORY OF HIS LIFE.



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Henry Peace

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A SHORT . . .

STORY . . .

OF HIS LIFE .



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By M. H. P.[ease]

SECOND EDITION.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION BY

SIR JOSEPH W. PEASE, BART., M.P.

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PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

MY DEAR CHILDREN—

This little sketch of your beloved father's life was written during the first winter after his death. It was a solace to me to weave together from his journals, letters, and other sources, this story of his useful, industrious life. I felt to shrink rather from publishing it then, and the manuscript was laid aside ; but now, before those who knew and loved him have all passed away, I send it forth, just as it was written in the first freshness of feeling, with a few slight additions and verbal alterations as regards statistics, to bring it up to date.

His outward life was widely seen and known ; this short record reveals some of the secret springs that influenced his actions. And I have a hope that, imperfect as it is, this sketch of an honourable, and in many respects successful career, may not be without some valuable lessons in this busy stirring age, when some of the things he laboured for are bearing fruit,

and when advantages from education, and other causes, beyond what he could have conceived, are adding to the responsibilities and influence of each individual.

To you, his children, this record is not needed to keep him ever in your loving remembrance, but you will be interested in some details which time already may have partly obscured, and you will also value it for your children's sake in days to come.

May his example prove an incentive to all to seek to do the day's work in the day, and faithfully use the talents committed to their care ; if any resolve of the kind is strengthened by this little effort to portray your father's life and character it will not have been written in vain.

Your loving Mother,

MARY H. PEASE.

Pierremont, 1897.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage—Edward Pease, his Marriage Character,
Family—Henry Pease's Birth—George Stephenson—
Opening of the Darlington and Stockton Railway

I

CHAPTER II.

Henry Pease's early life—Railway extensions—Middlesbro'
—The Reform Bill—Joseph Pease, the first Quaker
returned to Parliament - - - - - 15

CHAPTER III.

Henry Pease's religious convictions—His first Marriage—
Birth of his eldest son—His wife's Death—Blackwell—
Westbrook—Pierremont—Irish Famine - - - 27

CHAPTER IV.

The War Panic—Journey to St. Petersburg—Audience
with the Czar—Failure of the Mission—Peace deputa-
tion to Paris - - - - - 44

CHAPTER V.

He visits America—Opening of the Railway to Tebay—His
interest in various Water Works and other schemes
for the improvement and developing of the country

CONTENTS (continued).

CHAPTER VI.

Henry Pease returned to Parliament for South Durham— His second Marriage—Death of his Father—Stanhope Castle—Saltburn—Retires from Parliament	- - 78
---	--------

CHAPTER VII.

Death of his brothers, John and Joseph Pease—Railway Jubilee—Visit from Dean Stanley	- - - 94
---	----------

CHAPTER VIII.

His serious illness—Death of his grandson—Tour in Spain —Yearly Meeting—Attack of Bronchitis—Visits, Torquay, Falmouth, Stanhope, London—Closing Scene —Funeral	- - - - - 105
--	---------------

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> PORTRAIT OF HENRY PEASE - - FRONTISPIECE. </div>	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> PORTRAIT OF EDWARD PEASE - - - - 8 </div>	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> PIERREMONT - - - - - 34 </div>	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> STANHOPE CASTLE - - - - - 88 </div>	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> SALTBURN - - - - - 92 </div>	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> VIEW OF PIERREMONT FROM SOUTH </div>	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> PARK GARDEN - - - - - 95 </div>	

INTRODUCTION TO SECOND EDITION.

THE demand for a second edition of Mrs. Henry Pease's "Short story of the life" of her husband, Henry Pease, my uncle, has proved that others besides his children, to whom the book was dedicated, have been interested in it.

It has been kindly suggested to me that being the eldest surviving member of the succeeding generation, and having been for many years perhaps his most intimate companion (outside his own household) in social and business life, a few words of mine, by way of introduction, might be of interest for some of that fresh circle of readers for whom a new edition is more especially intended. I own that I have hesitated to undertake the task, as I fear in any way to spoil the dedicatory lines which so beautifully and accurately describe the feeling which gave rise to the conception of the story of his life and the motives which attended its issue.

Although at the time only about eight years old, I clearly recollect Henry Pease's first marriage, and his bringing his bride to Darlington. I was present at her funeral at Uxbridge in 1839. Her only descendant was the late Henry Fell Pease, M.P.; he was only about eighteen months old at the time of his mother's decease, and he spent most of his earlier life with his grandmother, Mrs. Fell, at Uxbridge.

It was owing perhaps to this circumstance that I was so much the recipient of my uncle's kindness and instructive companionship during my boyhood, and as I grew older he made me the confidential friend of his domestic and business life. In 1845 I entered business, and in that year I accompanied him (as in several subsequent years) on his summer holidays, driving a favourite pair of piebald ponies through North and South Wales. Railways, steamboats, and great hotels were then unknown, and there was no pleasanter way of seeing a country than by a tour thus pleasantly carried out. In 1846 we continued with the same ponies our tour through Devonshire and Cornwall. The following year we were in Scotland, and in 1849 I accompanied my uncle to Ireland. The distress at that time was terrible. We went the entire round of the West Coast as far as Skibbereen, Bantry, and Cork. Starvation, nakedness, and evictions were the sad sights of each day's journey, leaving with us both memories that time cannot obliterate. In 1851 we were companions again in Norway. I have mentioned these holidays, as it has been well said that travelling together indicates more than any other way what men are made of. I found my uncle not only an affectionate but a most interesting companion, always seeing what was to be seen, and explaining to me as we drove along the history of the district and the logic of facts. This close companionship and friendship, and the memories of these

pleasant days justify me, I think, in some degree at any rate, for the few introductory remarks I am making to this memoir.

My uncle was warmly attached to the Society of Friends, in which he had what is known as a birth-right membership. My grandfather's views and actions were in strict accordance with what were then the orthodox rules of the Society. What were termed "plainness of speech, behaviour, and apparel" were the characteristics of himself and his household. Shakespeare, Scott, and similar authors were not seen on his shelves, and no piano or instrument of music found its way within his doors. Whilst inheriting these opinions and practices my uncle's views gradually expanded, and he felt more and more, as years advanced, that in modes of life, amusements and occupations, to his own Master each must stand or fall.

In business, there is no doubt that railway enterprise was the great interest of his life. He witnessed and participated in the enormous strides of invention and the improved communication which took place between the time of the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and the period of his death in 1881—developments in which he was conscious of having taken his part, and which had produced such great and beneficial results.

During the elections of 1857 and 1859 I was much with him. He was in all respects a good platform speaker, clearly explaining his general view of politics

on Christian and moral grounds, without entering into details on the history of laws and their application to Society. The House of Commons was not a very congenial atmosphere for his quiet mind, and whilst duly discharging his duty, he disliked the publicity of its life, and the constraints of London existence. His invariable courtesy and highly honourable reputation won him many friends, and when I was elected to the seat he had so well filled, and from which he so gladly retired, I found that my position was the easier from the favourable impression he had left upon an often hypercritical assembly.

I cannot conclude these few and imperfect memorial thoughts without a few words about his tenancy of Stanhope Castle and the surrounding moors. Here he always seemed to be in the full enjoyment of his life. The bracing air invigorated him. The fine physique, and the religious character of the Dales folk, with whom he was a favourite, interested, and were much appreciated by him. Whilst seldom using a gun, he was most keenly interested in the shooting parties, often consisting of the sons of his relatives and old friends, which assembled under his kind hospitality at the Castle. He despised the late hours of the times. Those who were to shoot were called at six, breakfast was ready at seven, and he was disappointed if it was after nine o'clock when the first shot was heard on the moor.

Henry Pease was an upright and honourable man, of quiet and lovable character. Those who knew him best loved him most. His thoughts and consequently his words were never of the type that either the Christian or the moralist could condemn. The many friends and neighbours who stood around his grave felt that not only had they lost a friend but also an example.

In that quiet God's Acre behind the Friends' Meeting House at Darlington a simple stone records the name and age of the pilgrim who rests below. Had lines or texts been permitted, there might have been added in full faith to the simple record on his memorial stone—

“Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.”

JOSEPH W. PEASE.

Hutton Hall,
Guisborough,
3rd mo., 1898.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage. Edward Pease, his Marriage, Character,
Family—Henry Pease's Birth—George Stephenson—
Opening of the Darlington and Stockton Railway.

EDWARD PEASE, whose name in connection with the commencement of railways is now of world-wide celebrity, little anticipated that any such fame was in store for him when, in 1796, he brought his young bride to the modest house in Darlington he had prepared for her.

His family had long been respected in the town—his grandfather, Edward Pease, came to Darlington in 1774 and established the woollen business there, which the family have carried on ever since. Previously to coming to Darlington he had joined the Society of Friends.

His eldest son, Joseph, born in 1737, married Mary Richardson in 1763; their first son died in infancy; Edward, their second son, was born in 1767.

On his marriage with Rachel Whitwell of Kendal, in 1796, Edward Pease, in writing to one of his friends, thus playfully describes his new home: "Our drawing-room, dining-room, and library, are all exactly alike, being one and the same

room." But though the young couple began life so simply, they had the best inheritance that children can have, in the sound good sense, and deep religious feeling, which their ancestors on both sides possessed in no common degree.

In 1800 they removed to the house in Northgate, where Edward Pease continued to reside till his death in 1858.

The encroaching town has so nearly swept away all traces of the old paternal home that a short description of it, as it appeared when it was filled by a large and happy family, and was the scene of much simple hospitality, may not be uninteresting. A plain, three-storied house, it faced the then quiet street, being the last house but one on the right on leaving the town. At the back the windows of the library and the drawing-room opened on to a lawn, at the foot of which ran a stream spanned by a rustic bridge; on the other side was the fruitful garden, with its hot-house and the orchard; beyond these the ground rose again, and on these sloping fields, towards the top, within view from his windows, Edward Pease planted trees, which, as he used to say, "grew while he slept," till, in after years, children and grandchildren enjoyed to wander beneath their shade, for on this pleasant spot his eldest son John built East Mount, the snug, pretty residence, where he lived most of his useful, honoured life.

When Edward Pease thus began life in Darlington it contained only about 5,000 inhabitants, instead of the 40,000 or more it now numbers. Its chief industry was the woollen manufacture, imported into it by his own ancestors, as before mentioned. It was, however, even then a busy place for its size, and among other manufactures was noted for the spinning of flax, having the honour of being the first place where flax was spun by machinery.

In the centre of the town, near the Market Place, on a site now covered with houses and shops, Edward Pease's grandfather had a large orchard, in which, tradition says, he kept a deer, presented to him by Lord Darlington.

In place of the railways, forges, and furnaces, that now, on the north side of the town, blacken the fair face of nature, there were pleasant fields and trees and quiet streams; and so silent was the now busy thoroughfare of Northgate, that if a step was heard on the pavement approaching the house, Edward Pease and his family supposed, and generally correctly, that it was that of someone coming to their door. There was a quaint simplicity in those days which was looked back upon with a sort of fond regret by those who could remember it, and who lived to see the more artificial and pretentious customs of the present time. There were no formal dinner parties, but the invitations

were for "tea at five o'clock." All would sit round the table, and there would be a wonderful display of cakes and confections, each hostess vieing with her neighbours to provide the most tempting variety. The ladies, however, had their "at homes," though designated with the homely name of "clean apron afternoons"; then they would sit in their best parlours and receive visitors, or, knitting in hand, cross the street in their pattens to call upon a cousin or friend, or up the street to have half-an-hour's chat with another neighbour. There was no formality of knocking, or ringing the hall-door bell, but the handle was turned and the friend's house was entered, a gentle tap at the sitting-room door being all the warning needed.

We seem far removed from the present when we speak of a time when the first *umbrella* was seen in Darlington, an aunt of Edward Pease being the happy possessor of the luxury.

Edward Pease and his wife, even in their early married life, held a responsible position among their friends. The latter became a minister, and was much beloved and respected. They brought up their children in strict accordance with the principles at that time strongly enforced by the religious body to which they belonged. But full of life and natural vivacity, their youthful spirits were curbed, not broken, and while "self restraint, and filial obedience" were enjoined, and they

were taught that *duty* must come before every other consideration, there was a wide margin left for enjoyment, and few can look back on a happier home life than that of which the old home in Northgate was the scene.

Henry, the youngest of Edward and Rachel Pease's eight children, was born on May 4th, 1807. He grew up a lively, active boy, fond of all outdoor pursuits. He was educated at a school in Darlington, then in some repute in the north of England, kept by H. F. Smith, a member of the Society of Friends. Lessons were not easy to him, but he was conscientious, and painstaking. He has often related how, on summer mornings, he would get up before the family was astir, and clamber out on the roof of the house, and there in a sheltered nook, with only the chirping sparrows for companions, master the morning task, often accomplishing it in time to meet the postman a mile or two out of town, and bring home the family letters to the breakfast table at eight o'clock.

On leaving school, as he had somewhat outgrown his strength, he was apprenticed to a tanner, his parents thinking that the manual work in the tan-yard would be better for his health than a more sedentary occupation. The work was distasteful to him, but he threw into it his accustomed energy, finding the best antidote to the rough and coarse companionship it introduced

him to, in the refinement and purity of his home. His mother's character had a great influence over him. He always spoke of her with reverence, as of a saint on earth. Her slightest wish was law to him. Years afterwards he wrote: "How does memory call to mind the figure, actions, and sweetness of her whom a kind Providence permitted to be my mother. May He bless her descendants with a portion at least of her more than earthly sweet spiritedness."

His father also was a noble example to his children of integrity, diligence, and kindness of heart. Many were the stories respecting him his sons delighted to repeat; some so characteristic of a bygone age we may be permitted to rescue one or two from oblivion.

In the long journeys he used to take into the north on wool buying expeditions, Edward Pease was often amused by the shrewdness of the canny Scot, and also his fondness for flattery. On one occasion the farmer, feeling he had met with his match, exclaimed with a doubtful smile: "Eh! Maister Pease, I was just agoing to flatter ye, but I ken ye are ower wise to be flattered."

Edward Pease had a store of anecdotes which he could tell well, with a good deal of quiet humour. When the day's work of examining and buying the wool was over, the farmers would gather round him in the wide ingle of the farm

house where he had arranged to spend the night, and in those troublous times, when news came slowly and scantily, they would often begin the talk they had been looking for all day by exclaiming, "And now, Maister Pease, let's hear the cracks of the war."

With his ready wit and clear, good sense, Edward Pease was often appealed to by his neighbours to settle differences, or clear difficulties—domestic, commercial, or mental. The tact with which this was done may be instanced by the case of a poor woman who came one day burdened by a great anxiety she could only tell to him.

"Now, my good woman! what is it?" said he, after kindly making her sit down.

"Well, Mr. Pease, it is this, I am fairly beat; every day when I sit down to my spinning a little eft comes, and sits and grins on the top of the wool, and I can't get rid of it; and so I have to leave my spinning undone, which is a sore trouble to me."

"Is that it," said he quite gravely. "I think I can cure that trouble."

He then went to his writing table and wrote some words on a piece of paper, which he folded and covered up carefully with the various coloured wafers then in use, and handing it to her, told her she must fasten it on the exact spot where the eft was accustomed to sit—adding, "If this

is done, I think I may promise thee thou wilt never see thy little tormentor again."

The poor woman came in a day or two to say, with tears of gratitude, that the cure had been perfectly successful. The explanation was never attempted of either the complaint or the remedy.

Edward Pease, though much engrossed in business, and conscientious in his attention to the affairs of the Church, in which he held the position of Elder and Overseer, still contrived to devote much time and thought to his children. In the long winter evenings he would bring his ledger into the sitting-room, and post his books, while listening to the reading or the lively talk that went on, joining in by an occasional pithy remark or anecdote, thus proving that he at least was not bound by ordinary limits, but could do two things at once.

The eldest son, John, was of a thoughtful disposition ; at the early age of nineteen he spoke as a minister in their meetings, and from that time till his death, at the age of seventy, he was a rare example of dedication of heart and conscientious following of what he believed to be right. He married in 1823, Sophia Jowitt. Like-minded with himself, they travelled and laboured together as ministers, in beautiful harmony of thought and aim.

The second son, Joseph, was the life of the home circle—tall, pleasant looking, with winning



Edward Pease

manners, he was popular wherever he went. With a strong influence, acute powers of observation, and fluency of language, he naturally came to the front in every enterprise. The position might have been a dangerous one if there had not been the ballast of deep religious feeling. In 1826 he married Emma, daughter of Joseph Gurney of Norwich, and became the father of a large family—eight sons and four daughters—Sir Joseph W. Pease, the present Member for the Barnard Castle Division of Durham, being his eldest son.

Of two other sons, Isaac died young, and Edward's death occurred in 1835, after some years of failing health. A daughter, Mary, was also called away in her youth. The two remaining daughters, Rachel and Elizabeth, grew up into sweet, serious womanhood. Elizabeth became the wife of Francis Gibson of Saffron Walden, and Rachel married Richard Fry of Bristol.

But at the time of which we now write the family band was all complete and at home, and this slight sketch seemed needful in order to understand the surroundings that helped to mould the mind and character of the youngest member of the interesting group.

He had a loyal faith in his brothers, and, next to his parents, his brother John had the most marked influence over him; his decided Christian

course was as a living epistle, while his sermons, week by week, were reverently listened to by the young brother, and, as appears in a journal he kept for many years, were not infrequently felt by him to be the word in season he needed.

But events were hastening on that were destined strongly to affect the life and whole career of Edward Pease and his family.

The *necessities* of an age stimulate invention. This was, no doubt, the case with the discovery of the advantage of the iron rail and the motive power of steam. With an ever increasing population, to so great a degree dependant on manufacture and easy carriage, it became a necessity that there should be some improved facility for conveying goods, and public attention had been for some time called to the question.

Edward Pease, with his far-seeing mind, seized the idea, and in 1817 projected a scheme for laying down a tramway to bring the coals from the collieries beyond West Auckland to Stockton. He had at first no idea of any motive power but horses. The scheme was, however, ridiculed, and strongly opposed. It was necessary to get an Act of Parliament for its construction, but the projected line went too near one of the Duke of Cleveland's fox covers. This sealed its fate; the Duke exerted all his powerful influence, and the Bill was thrown out by a majority of thirteen. Nothing daunted, Edward Pease and his friends

and supporters surveyed a new route, but the sudden dissolution of Parliament, owing to the death of George III., caused another session to be lost. Undismayed by these and other difficulties, another attempt was made, and at last, in 1821, an Act was granted for a line of railway to be called "The Stockton and Darlington Railway."

Meanwhile, George Stephenson, the engine-wright at the Killingworth Collieries, near Newcastle, was working out his idea of a "Travelling Engine." Hearing of this new line—so far more important than any that had yet been devised—he came over to Darlington to see the spirited projector who was working against such odds.

The first memorable interview between the great inventor and his subsequent patron, graphically described by Mr. Smiles in his "Life of George Stephenson," was followed by others, the result being that George Stephenson was appointed engineer of the line, and another Act was obtained, empowering them to use upon it the newly-invented locomotive engine. This excited a new storm of opposition, in which the trustees of the turnpike roads were especially active; but the work went on, and under the supervision of George Stephenson, with his friend Edward Pease to support him, success was assured.

It can easily be imagined how the active minds of the young men in the house at

Northgate were stirred by the discussions that took place, as every inch of the way had, as it were, to be fought over.

The plain engine-wright, George Stephenson, with his provincial dialect, became a frequent visitor. Fame had not yet breathed his name, but Edward Pease and he recognized in each other the same integrity, foresight, and indomitable perseverance, and a firm and lasting friendship was formed.

It was on one of these visits that the little incident occurred that made the subject of a picture exhibited in the Royal Accademy Exhibition some years ago. George Stephenson, whose fingers had been trained by early necessity to many useful arts, undertook to teach the young ladies a new stitch of embroidery. He is represented as sitting down before the frame on which their work was stretched, the two young ladies, in their neat Quaker attire, watching him with amused interest, their father also looking on. A pretty glimpse into the quiet, domestic life, that came as a welcome interlude in the midst of the anxieties of those years of toil and frequent disappointment.

At last, after eight years of constant, unabated energy and resolve on the part of the little band of faithful co-workers, among whom we would especially mention Thomas Richardson * and

* The founder, with John Overend, of the well-known firm of Overend Gurney & Co.

Jonathan Backhouse, without whose support, in a financial point of view, the scheme could not have been carried through, the great work was completed.

The iron rails were laid, the travelling engine, the "Experiment," and the passenger carriage emblazoned with the motto, "*Periculum privatum, utilitas publica*," were ready, a train of wagons prepared, and all was arranged for the grand opening ceremony to take place on September 27th, 1825.

On the day before, a select party were invited to make a trial trip. Edward Pease and his sons were of the number. After his brother Joseph's death in 1872, Henry Pease used to remark that he was the last survivor of that little company who, by making this short journey the day before the line was opened to the public, could say they were the first to travel by the aid of steam. They included those with whom afterwards he worked side by side, in committees and board rooms, or in the more arduous labour of surveying for new lines, year by year with unflagging interest, enlarging and consolidating the great enterprise which now was so auspiciously begun.

But when the morning dawned, and hundreds flocked into Darlington to witness the novel spectacle, and banners were flying, and the usually quiet streets resounded with bands of music and

the tramp of processions, the family that had done most to achieve this triumph could not share in it, but listened with sorrowful hearts, behind closed blinds, to the distant sounds of rejoicing that filled the air; for, that night, the Angel of Death had entered the home, and the beloved son and brother, Isaac, had passed away. He had been in delicate health for some time, but the end came unexpectedly, to those around him, as is often the case, even when to the looker on there seems every reason to expect it.

It was a striking instance of the mixed nature of all earthly things, often experienced afterwards by Henry Pease in his long life, but never more acutely felt than on this day of victory and rejoicing, and sore sorrow and bereavement.

CHAPTER II.

Henry Pease's early life—Railway extensions—Middlesbrough—The Reform Bill—Joseph Pease, the first Quaker Member of Parliament.

HENRY PEASE was now twenty-one, and released from his apprenticeship to the tanning trade, he turned his attention to the woollen manufactory, at that time the chief business of his family.

He worked faithfully at it for many years, amid the many fluctuations and discouragements that often attend a manufacturing business; sharing in the frequent journeys, both for wool buying and for orders.

One of his marked characteristics through life, which early displayed itself, was his diligence in whatever he undertook. He had a real pleasure and zest in work; as he grew older he could enjoy rest and relaxation for short periods, but only after he felt he had earned them; at this time his rest and relaxation came by varied work.

He was all his life an early riser. When young, in the winter mornings, he made use of the time thus gained for reading carefully many standard works, especially of history; in the summer he

worked in the garden, tending his mother's favourite flowers, making with his own hands miniature frames to protect his seedlings, and in other ways indulging his taste for the cultivation of flowers, which was one of his chief pleasures through life. Throughout the day, engagements of various kinds claimed him—business hours were long at that time. In the evening, however weary he might be, he was the last to retire, that he might see the lights extinguished and all the bolts and bars attended to, for having taken this duty upon himself, he carried it out with the faithfulness that characterised him.

These may seem small incidents to mention, but it is in the "trivial round, the daily task," that the true character shows itself even more than in the larger transactions of life, and it remains true—"He that is faithful in the least is faithful also in much."

But we must now turn from these domestic details, to see him coming to the front in the more public enterprises that quickly followed each other though the next eventful years.

The present generation, as they sit at ease in cushioned carriages, and are borne swiftly and safely through tunnels, and across embankments, over deep rivers, and treacherous morasses, can form little idea of the toil and anxiety, the hopes and fears of the pioneers in that mighty work which has covered our land with a network of railways.

Besides all the physical difficulties which had to be overcome, and which with no precedents to guide them taxed all the known resources and ingenuity of the engineers, and with financial difficulties which often threatened to put a stop to the whole undertaking, they had also to encounter the increasing opposition of those who, from the natural bent of their minds, disliked and distrusted innovations, or who feared their personal interests might be touched, and this last was the most hard to meet and to bear patiently. It had, however, the effect of drawing the little band of projectors together—it put them upon their mettle, and made them determine to succeed, no matter at what personal cost or risk.

We have seen how the railway between Darlington and Stockton was opened in 1825 with public rejoicings; this was quickly followed by branches more or less connected with it. Meanwhile a new and unexpected idea was developing. At this time the river Tees, flowing past Stockton, made its way to the sea through a flat, and almost uninhabited district. On each side of the river there was an expanse of sand and mud, and beyond this stretched wide fields, with a few storm-driven trees and an occasional farmhouse. Twice in the day, when the tide came up, overflowing the sand and mud, the Tees became navigable to Stockton, and the idea was started that Stockton might become a place for

the exportation of coal. The idea quickly fructified, and on the 26th of January, 1826, the first cargo of coal was shipped.

The next suggestion speedily followed—Why not make the port nearer the sea, where the river is deeper, and thereby a great bend be avoided? It was a thought soon acted upon, and in 1828 Parliamentary authority was obtained for making the Stockton and Middlesbrough branch railway.

It must have seemed a very visionary scheme to onlookers. Middlesbrough, the intended terminus, was only a farm house with one or two labourers' dwellings, and a few trees, among them a notable willow, which long survived its fellows, and when a few years before his death the extension of the station obliged it to be cut down, Henry Pease caused the blackened trunk to be removed to his South Park garden—one of the many relics of the past which he liked to collect and preserve, with a touch of poetic sentiment, which was as much a part of his character as the practical power which was more apparent.

Though few were found to sympathise in the enterprise, Joseph Pease, who now had had some years of experience in railway work, with his usual foresight and decision, did not falter. The permission of Parliament was granted, an elegant suspension bridge was thrown across the river—afterwards found too light for heavy traffic—and the line was opened in 1830.

Meanwhile a company had been formed, 500 acres of land had been bought, and all was ready for taking advantage of the facilities for trade the new railway would bring.

A pottery manufactory and iron works were started, a town was laid out to an approved plan, and the lonely farm on the marsh became in a few years the centre of a hive of industry. It now numbers 90,000 inhabitants, and its jubilee was celebrated October, 1881, amidst much public rejoicing.

But while their work remains, the busy hands and clever, contriving brains have passed away.

Of all that large company met together to inaugurate the commencement of the undertaking, by a banquet in a low wooden wagon shed, on a cold January night of 1831, on that solitary spot with no past history, but by the hopes of those undaunted men invested with a future so assured that they could choose for its motto "Erimus" (we shall be); of all that company but *one* remained in 1881 to sit down to the banquet on the jubilee anniversary, to celebrate the more than fulfilment of their hopes.

These years were not only made memorable by the commencement of railways, but by other changes also which made it a marked period in the history of our country.

The need of reform, on many points besides the mode of locomotion, was beginning to be

strongly felt, and, with increasing numbers and intelligence, the people felt it imperative to be allowed to make their voices heard in the legislation of their country. The vexatious delays and difficulty of getting any measures passed through Parliament for the construction or extension of railways was only one example of the continual opposition that every measure of progress had to undergo from those who, holding the reins of power, felt jealous of the ever growing activity and influence of the masses.

We cannot here enter into the political strife that at this time agitated the minds of both old and young, rich and poor, throughout the kingdom; but at last those in power were forced to yield to the voice of the nation, and in order to avoid worse consequences to grant the Reform Bill of 1832.

Among those who watched the struggle, and felt great issues depended on it, were Edward Pease and his sons, and when, by the re-distribution of seats, South Durham became entitled to send two members to Parliament, and Joseph Pease, by a numerous signed requisition, was invited to stand as one of the representatives of this Division, we may imagine the conflicting feelings of the family circle.

They were staying at Seaton, a seaside village which they often resorted to, when the anxious question had to be discussed. Joseph Pease had

a young family growing up; to get to London from the North of England was a far more formidable journey than that to Paris is now; he was engaged in important mercantile undertakings which demanded his presence and oversight; and he belonged to a religious community which at that time discouraged its members from taking part in political strife. "Let the Potsherds of the earth strive with the Potsherds," was often quoted by them.*

It was natural that his pious mother's anxiety that her child should be kept unspotted from the world should lead her to take the side of discouragement, but his father, though it was like giving up his right hand to lose his son from his side, felt it was a call that must not be disobeyed; and so, fortified by his father's sanction, and still further stimulated by the belief that it was in Divine ordering this path opened for him, with all the natural ardour and determination of his nature, Joseph Pease threw himself into the excitements and anxieties of a contested election.

What that excitement was then can scarcely be conceived by those whose only experience of elections has been since numerous reforms have shortened the period of tension, and strictly

* In replying to some of these objections Joseph Pease writes, "If I thought there was to be an ultimate triumph of evil over good I should not go, but as I believe good is to triumph over evil, I go to do my best."

controlled the means for exciting and influencing the people.

When the canvassing was carried on week after week, when bribery was so universal it scarcely excited a sense of shame, and each party vied with the other in its display of banners and music, and other excitements, it is no wonder that the more quiet and conscientious shrank from entering into the strife.

The straightforward honesty of Joseph Pease's intentions and his independent tone may, however, be seen by the printed address which he issued on accepting the challenge. In it he says, "In no point of view can I agree, but especially not through a demoralizing pecuniary expenditure, to purchase a seat in the House of Commons. I will never buy what I will never sell. I will never seek to obtain by unworthy means what I have pledged myself to use worthily. If my sentiments be your sentiments, if I be the man of your choice, it is well, with the blessing of Heaven, I will do my duty as a man and a Christian."

But though he would not use any foul means he employed every fair one with diligence and tact, going from town to town, canvassing and haranguing; winning every one as much by his courtesy and pleasant manner as by his forcible oratory.

His brother Henry shared in these labours, working not only for his brother, but for the

cause. He shared also in the almost delirious excitement of the day of election, when from every polling district came, by horse express, the last returns, which placed Mr. Pease at the head of the poll, the numbers standing—

Pease	2278
Bowes	2218
Shafto	1841

But another difficulty had to be encountered. Joseph Pease belonged to a religious Society which held as one of its tenets that our Saviour's command, "Swear not at all," extended even to judicial oaths, and holding this view conscientiously he could not take the oath administered to every newly elected Member on taking his seat in Parliament.

He had gained his seat honestly, in fair fight, and now left the issue quietly in the hands of those in power. When counselled by some of his advisers to petition, he replied with decision, "I will petition nobody. I am sent here according to the law of the land as a representative in Parliament for South Durham, an important county constituency, and it shall never be said that South Durham, in my person, was brought down upon its knees to beg for its rights." A Committee of all the principal men of the day was appointed by the House, which was compelled to recognize the unique position of the Society of Friends, and the already acknowledged

right of individual conscience ; a form of affirmation was drawn up, which Joseph Pease did not hesitate solemnly to take, and thus took his seat in Parliament, about a fortnight after his election, the first Quaker that ever held that responsible position.

This removal of his brother to another and distant field of labour brought Henry Pease more into the fore-front ; and though he shrank from the responsibilities involved, it was no doubt useful to his character, for his humility would have led him to follow his more brilliant and enterprising brother, rather than take the leading part, which he was found quite capable of doing when thrown upon his own resources.

It is not necessary to attempt to describe all the railway and commercial undertakings which made the next few years full of anxious yet interesting toil. The following list of railways, with the dates of their openings, in the construction and maintenance of which Joseph and Henry Pease took a prominent part, gives a glimpse of their industry in that direction:—

Feb. 29th, 1825.—The Stockton and Darlington Ry.

Oct. 17th, 1825.—Yarm Branch.

Oct. 27th, 1829.—Croft Branch.

May 1st, 1830.—Haggerlease's Branch.

Jan. 1st, 1831.—Middlesbrough Branch.

1838.—Bishop Auckland and Weardale Railway.

1841.—York and Darlington Railway.

1842.—Shildon Tunnel.

1844.—Darlington and Gateshead Railway.

1846.—Middlesbrough and Redcar Railway.

1847.—Wear Valley Railway.

But the two railways in which Henry Pease took the liveliest personal interest, though dimly seen in the future, were not destined to be made realities till many years after this date. We allude to that between Darlington and Barnard Castle, and its further extension over Stainmoor to Tebay.

Other and important changes meanwhile took place in his life, to which we must now turn. In the year 1833 he was called to pass through one of the greatest sorrows of his life, in the death of his beloved mother. She had left home to accompany her eldest son and his wife as far as Liverpool, on their journey to Ireland. Taking leave of them there, accompanied by her husband and youngest son, she went to Manchester to pay a visit to some near relations. Her son Henry left her, apparently in her usual health, and proceeded on a business journey. With that dwelling upon details, which memory so loves to do when bereaved of those most dear to us, he notes in this journal, years afterwards, that he was the last of her children to receive a mother's kiss, for, a few hours after parting from her, she was attacked with sudden illness, and after a short period of unconscious-

ness gently breathed her ast. On his business journey, not knowing what had taken place, he felt a strong impression that he must return home. Wondering that he should have the feeling, he yet obeyed the impulse, and thus joined the sorrowing family soon after the affecting news of their loss had reached them.

This incident strengthened his belief in impressions being given at times as a warning of an impending calamity—a belief which, with his sensitive temperament, might have led to morbid anxiety, if it had not been watched against. As it was, the whole circumstance deeply affected him, and may account for the tinge of melancholy that certainly rested on his spirit about this period of his life and for some years afterwards.

CHAPTER III.

Henry Pease's religious convictions—His first marriage—
Birth of his eldest son—His wife's death—Black-
well—Westbrook garden—Pierremont—Irish Famine
—Visit to Ireland.

THIS description of the character and career of Henry Pease would be a very imperfect one if it did not mention those deep religious convictions which he felt even in childhood, and which strongly influenced him throughout his life.

We have an insight into these secret exercises of his soul through a series of journals which he kept at intervals, year by year, from 1835 to 1858, after which but few and isolated fragments are found. These entries contain a touching record of anxieties and heart searchings, of hopes and fears, as regards his spiritual condition in the sight of God.

They are especially interesting as showing him to be a man of prayer from his youth. In the midst of life and busy enterprise, he set apart a short time every evening for private reading of the Scriptures and communion with God. Occasionally his journal records regret at not

being faithful to his duty in this respect. In 1840 he writes :—"I believe I sustain great loss from not persevering in daily retirement to wait upon Him who is abundantly worthy to be worshipped. I endeavour to persuade myself that my aspirations are so constantly to Him that it is not needful, but this excuse does not feel to be accepted." May we not believe that not only spiritual blessings were granted in answer to these secret petitions, but also that strength and guidance were given to meet the varied duties of his busy life, and that thus he found the promise fulfilled—"If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, Who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not."

At the same time, far more often than any record of felt success, there is the confession of deep humiliation and abasement of soul in the presence of his Creator. His ideal was high, and he was ever striving after a deeper religious life than he had attained to.

One of the most marked features of his journal in early life is the frequency of his fervent prayers to be permitted to be of some use to his fellow creatures. We may believe that these prayers were answered in the ability and opportunity given him to help forward, in one way or another, almost every effort set on foot in his own neighbourhood to enlighten, instruct, and encourage the people in all that was likely to do

them good. And this by no sudden enthusiasm and starting of new schemes, but which is more difficult, and requires more conscientious effort, by patiently working on when the *éclat* is gone, and the interest of others has flagged; plodding, unseen, unappreciated work; evening after evening leaving the social circle to attend committees of the Mechanics' Institute, charitable societies, or town's business.

With an eye always open to do what he could, opportunities for usefulness crowded upon him, but still from time to time the prayer went up that God would yet further fit him to be an instrument in His hand for the good of his fellow men.

We will not anticipate by showing how this prayer was still further answered—by his being led into wider paths of usefulness as life advanced—but will return to the year 1835, which was marked by an important change in his life, viz., his marriage with Anna Fell, only daughter of Richard and Mary Fell of Uxbridge.

The following short extract from his journal will show the prayerful spirit in which he entered on this step:—

“2nd Mo., 1835—My thoughts often much engaged in the reflection, that this was probably the last day I should be an inmate under the parental roof, which has been such a favoured home to me. My mind surveyed the past, the present, and dived a little into

the future. On retiring to rest, the feeble yet sincere prayer of my heart was for unfeigned gratitude for mercies innumerable in the past, and that the Lord would work in me to love to do His will, so that He might be my guide in days to come."

The marriage took place on February 25th, at Uxbridge, and after a short wedding tour he had the joy of bringing his bride to the home he had prepared for her, and introducing her to the family circle.

The cup of happiness was not, however, permitted to long remain unmixed; symptoms of delicate health appeared, which caused his affectionate heart much anxiety. Frequent changes of air were resorted to, and everything that love and care could suggest was done to strengthen the beloved invalid.

On November 13th, 1837, they removed to a furnished house at Middleton-St.-George, as country air was recommended. In this pleasant spot, commanding a fine view of the Cleveland range, they passed a quiet winter together, and there, on April 28th of the following year, their son was born.

As health and strength did not return after this event, as was hoped, a change to her native air was advised. He therefore took her and her infant, accompanied by her mother, by easy stages to Uxbridge; but the hopes he fondly cherished as he started on this journey were

not destined to be fulfilled. Her health gradually but continually declined. The journal records his feelings of anxiety when separated from her, his long and anxious journeyings when able to leave his business cares to go to see her, and his distress at seeing her so surely fade away.

In July, 1839, while at Tunbridge Wells, where they had gone in the hope that the change might bring some alleviation, he had the added distress of hearing of his brother Edward's death. He hastened home to attend the funeral, but returned as speedily as possible to share with his mother-in-law in watching over his beloved wife.

In the hope that the sea breezes might revive her, they removed their frail charge from Tunbridge Wells to St. Leonards, and here, after a few days of increasing weakness, her gentle spirit passed away in his arms.

It is not possible to describe what this sorrow cost him. His nature was to be somewhat exclusive in his love, and the one to whom he had given his heart's affections was taken from him. He especially prized domestic happiness, and he was left without a home. He had not even the solace of his child, as he would not take him from the tender care of his sorrowing grandmother. He returned therefore alone to the North, feeling homeless and bereft, suffering perhaps all the more because for the most part silently. His journal probably portrays thoughts

and feelings he gave little utterance to, even though he had tender sympathisers round him—especially in his brother John and his wife, whose loving sympathy and Christian counsel he frequently mentions gratefully in his journal.

As he had given up his own house, and to make his home again at his father's was more than he could bear under his altered circumstances—so many touching memories of the happy past lingered round it—and the marriages of his two sisters had so greatly altered the character of that once cheerful home, Henry Pease took for a time a house at Blackwell, about a mile and a half from the town.

This choice little abode was pulled down many years ago, when the present house, which stands on a more commanding site, was built. It was most attractively situated; the long windows of the drawing-room opened on to a terrace, and between the evergreens, which gave a sense of shelter and seclusion, lovely glimpses were gained of the river Tees below, with the bridge and the woods and fields and blue distance beyond. It was a home exactly suited to his tastes, and he much enjoyed laying out the garden, and planning walks and seats. But still it was heavy work to do these things alone, and he scarcely could have borne up against the depression this caused him if he had not been able at times to feel the comfort of prayer.

On August 12th, 1839, he writes—

“At business, which falls heavily upon me. Went up to Blackwell, spent some time quietly alone. My thoughts were of a very tender, yet peaceful character. My humble yet earnest petition was put up, that He who has shown me sore trials and vicissitudes would be pleased to enable me to go in and out acceptably before Him. My feelings and reflections the remainder of the day were of rather a comforting character. A considerable time was spent at Westbrook in the evening.”

This mention of Westbrook requires a little further explanation. Not far from his father's house, and near the railway station, there was a sloping irregular bank ; once it had been a gravel pit ; at the foot flowed a small stream, a few fine trees grew in the hollow, and pleasant fields rose on the other side.

Here Henry Pease, before his marriage, while living at his father's house, had exercised his taste in laying out a garden. The little nook became a favoured spot, where the earliest fruits and flowers of the season flourished. His father, who began by calling it “Henry's Folly,” delighted afterwards to take his numerous visitors to see how his son's ingenuity and skill had made the desert spot to blossom as a rose.

The terms on which he took the house at Blackwell caused him to have a shorter tarriance there than otherwise he would have preferred. It belonged to his cousin, John Backhouse, and on

his son, John Church Backhouse, becoming engaged to Anna, only daughter of J. J. Gurney, of Norwich, and, requiring it as a residence, Henry Pease had to seek another home.

He removed to a house in Northgate, having the double inducement of being near his father, and near his favourite Westbrook garden. He did not, however, remain there long. For some time he had had under his notice a house that was being built in the outskirts of the town, and when it was offered for sale he became the purchaser, and thus Pierremont passed into his hands on October 27th, 1845.

The town then not having stretched far in that direction, the house, which stood on rising ground, was pleasantly surrounded by fields; it was not large, frequent additions since having much changed it from the small but well-built villa of that day. The plantations were young, and the gardens had yet to be made.

The feelings with which he entered his new home are best seen by his own words—

4th mo., 1846. . . . “Returned from Stockton by mail train, and went pretty direct to Pierremont, having fixed to enter this day, it being my dear boy’s birthday, eight years of age. I received a letter from him, as exactly at the completion of the eighth year as I can tell. My mind was full in the remembrance of some of the many scenes through which an invisible hand has led me. I feel wholly unworthy to occupy such a house, and possess so much of the



PIERREMONT.

blessing of almighty God, before whom the knee was bent, pouring out the prayer that He would preserve me, and enable me to go in and out rightly before Him; to show by my walk before men that the fear of God is before my eyes; that the Lord would bless my dear boy, and if left alive years yet to come, would preserve him from evil, and enable him to live to the service and praise of his Creator."

The journal from this time mentions pleasant hours spent working in his plantations and garden; the laying out of the garden being an especially congenial employment, as he had much skill and taste in landscape gardening. And when on the death of his mother-in-law, towards the close of this year, his young son was restored to him and settled in Pierremont with his tutor some of the domestic happiness his affectionate heart yearned for was granted him.

From the letters and journals of this period, however, it appears that these years were often full of anxiety and toil to him. His brother Joseph was much in London during the eight years of his Parliamentary career, and the weight of their commercial and other enterprises rested in consequence more heavily upon the brother left at home.

And when because of their business responsibilities, and the claims of his large family, Joseph Pease relinquished his seat, the pressure of care was still felt to be very heavy, the collieries and

other business arrangements having become much extended. The experience of life thus gained left an abiding impress, and caused Henry Pease to feel especial sympathy for those who, on entering life, were called to pass through business difficulties and disappointments.

From 1838 for several years there was throughout the country great depression in trade, and a general want of prosperity* in the manufacturing districts. This distress was intensified by a succession of bad harvests, and as the high protective duties prevented the free admission of foreign corn, the price of flour—which was also of a very inferior quality—rose to an almost famine height.

The suffering of the poor from this scarcity of food aroused Henry Pease's deepest sympathy, and led him warmly to espouse the cause of the Anti-Corn Law League, and he was proud to number Richard Cobden, John Bright, and Henry Ashworth, the chief originators and supporters of this great movement, among his personal friends. He watched the contest with great interest, aiding it by voice or pen, when opportunity occurred, and rejoiced when at last victory crowned the efforts of these patriots in 1846.

* Miss Martineau, referring to this period in her "History of the Thirty Years' Peace," says, "The distress had now so deepened in the manufacturing districts as to render it clearly inevitable that many must die, and a multitude be lowered to a state of sickness and irritability for want of food, while there seemed no chance of any member of the manufacturing classes coming out of the struggle at last with a vestige of property wherewith to begin the work again."

One of the events which led to the abrogation of this "iniquitous law"—as John Bright often characterised it in his burning and eloquent speeches—was in itself a terribly sad one, the failure of the potato crop in Ireland in 1845.

Henry Pease joined in the noble efforts that were made to send succour to the perishing thousands of that blighted land. Owing to his many other duties he did not, however, take a prominent place in the work. But in connection with this subject we may mention that he visited Ireland in 1849 with one of his nephews, and it may be interesting, as showing how some improvement has taken place, to see how the state of the country and the people struck the traveller nearly fifty years ago.

He writes from Limerick to his brother Joseph—

"Before arriving at Donegal, the evidences of evictions and famine became numerous; this state of things, in the main, continues through the district to this place. The people wretched, the land in many places uncultivated, and, as there are no trees, this melancholy state fills the eye for miles together. Evictions are yet going on. We yesterday witnessed the dismal effects of one that had taken place two weeks ago near Galway. The poor creatures with a few rags were huddled together in the corners of their ruined cottages, and the shrivelled children followed us with an appeal and an importunity that made the heart heavy for long. Oh, to leave these fellow mortals to die by inches!"

He then alludes to an effort he made to send relief to these special cases, and continues—

“In the midst of this state of things, soldiers and armed police swarm, and the only buildings, except a very large college at Galway, of any consequence which I have seen are poor-houses, court-houses, and gaols! Can anything be more rotten? In Enniskillen there are 67,000 people, of whom 37,000 are paupers! and the gaol rate is £20,000. If you see any work going on, ‘It’s the Board of Works set it on foot.’

“Everywhere the feeling is strong against the landlords. Probably many of them are very much to be pitied, but when for miles together on one side of the road we see neat cottages and a smiling harvest ready for the sickle, and on the other, land that once has been cultivated full of thistles, cottages in ruins, and a desolation that seems to chill every feeling of comfort; when these contrasts occur, as they often do, one is tempted to unite in the feeling against the landlords. Excuse any warmth of expression; the desolation of a fine island, and the misery of a people literally fading from the land, and all this part of our own country, is it not excusable to feel keenly?”

In connection with this period of his life we may allude to the great interest he took in the education of the people. As we have mentioned before, one marked trait in his character, existing even with extended sympathies and interests, was a concentration of affection on particular objects. This was seen in his love for his native town, and, taking a wider scope, in his ardent desire

Reminding one of our Geo. 3^d - who, when
a person he was directing abt something
said, I think . . . replied, tink,
tink, you're no business to tink!

for the prosperity of his country. He looked upon education not only as affecting the individual, but also the nation, believing that in order to maintain her position England must bestir herself, or other countries would get before her in the race. The benefit of education for the masses was not held forty years ago so universally as it is now. It was asserted that we should have worse domestic servants, and less dependable mechanics, and the words were often quoted, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." As an example of the idea that existed that the working classes should be merely machines, Henry Pease often related an anecdote of an old friend of his, who, on his servant beginning to excuse himself by saying "I thought," interrupted him by exclaiming, "Thought! who paid thee for thinking, thy only business is to obey!"

Among the various means for educating the people that Henry Pease originated or fostered in his own neighbourhood, Mechanics' Institutes took a prominent place. He diligently attended the committees of the one in his own town, and assisted in forming similar institutions in Shildon, Middlesbrough, and the other fast rising towns in the neighbourhood. He did not read his speeches, and generally, especially in later years, trusted to the inspiration of the moment, but we have before us some memoranda, showing how anxious he was to make use of those opportunities for

instilling wise thoughts and good principles into the young minds around him.

On one of these occasions he inculcated the necessity of self-knowledge and self-control in starting any scheme for mental improvement. After dwelling on the advantage of having a plan, and having it suited to their means and powers, he adds—"I take for granted that the aim is worth the effort. He who would achieve success must correctly estimate his powers, particularly his perseverance, without which, as a rule, there is no success, and even perseverance results from self-control."

On the opening of a debating club, he thus speaks—

"One of your objects is to attain a clear and forcible method in public speaking. The present state of the community in connection with philanthropic and other objects renders this a very desirable and useful power; but in order to do this, there must be a clear and decided judgment, based upon useful reading, aided by observation and reflection. So that, in fact, good public speaking implies a great deal of mental discipline. Those who, for the sake of improvement in this respect, take a prominent part in the discussions you are about to start, will find that argument and temper are two very different things; the former calls out the greatest powers of mind, the latter may waste those powers at the very juncture when most required.

"The use of satire is for the most part to be avoided. There are few who can use it with good

feeling, and with a really gentlemanly bearing, and, after all, there is nothing magnanimous in the disposition that is gratified by wounding the feelings of an opponent. A few more accessories to improvement ought to be hinted at. Possibly I am not wrong in placing foremost amongst these *association*—the choice of every-day companions. I have passed the young man's period of life, but I have vivid recollections of the strength of early and sincere affection for not a few. Some I meet with pleasure to this day, some can only be cherished in memory, that silence which overtakes the whole human family has already overtaken them."

There is more that is autobiographical in these fragments than at first sight appears, for we believe that the mental discipline and self-control which he recommended are what he endeavoured very faithfully to practise for himself.

Another short extract, prepared for a similar occasion, we will quote, as it is unconsciously biographical. Speaking of self-indulgence in sleep, he says—

"When we consider the effect of this kind of laziness on health, and the useful hours at our disposal thus lost, I greatly doubt whether it is not an absolute sin thus to indulge. Do I overstate the case when I say that in the great majority of constitutions the want of reasonable early exercise lessens the powers throughout the day. I do not say greatly, I will estimate it only at a twenty-fourth part, or half an hour in the twelve, but if another hour is needlessly spent in bed, we have one and a half hours in every

twenty-four worse than lost. Now take this over six working days for forty years, and what is your loss? Will you believe it? Four years of working days! This is a subject on which I feel strongly, I therefore leave it for your reflection."

He did not, however, confine his efforts for the mental improvement of those around him to the poor or less educated. In conjunction with one or two others he started an Essay Meeting Society among his friends. The first meeting was held by the invitation of Jonathan and Hannah Backhouse at Polam in the autumn of 1830. These meetings have been kept up, without any break, winter after winter, to the present time. Held once a month during the winter, they circulate among the houses of the members, and are of a social character. It was touching to see how he maintained his interest in these meetings to the last. Though his contemporaries were fast passing away, and a younger generation had taken their place, he entered into the instruction or amusement of the hour with as keen an interest as any of those present, feeling a sort of personal pride in the character of the meetings being kept up, with a little warmth, it may be, defending the old lines, when they seemed likely to be departed from. The pieces he wrote himself were generally of a practical, and often of a statistical character, but he was ever ready to appreciate the more humorous

contributions by others, and much enjoyed the cheerful social tone of these gatherings. The last evening party he attended was an Essay Meeting at Polam in 1880, closing the series for him in the same house in which they had begun fifty years before. The hostesses, Miss Jane and Miss Elizabeth Proctor, welcomed him with their usual hearty warmth and kindness. He was then feeble from recent illness, but they as full of life and vivacity as ever; years that brought changes to others scarcely seemed to touch them. A few months passed, and all three were gone! leaving vacant places in these familiar scenes, and memories that in many hearts will never pass away.

In connection with this subject we would also mention the "Philosophical Meetings" held in the intervening fortnight. In these meetings one longer essay is read, and afterwards discussed. The pleasant way in which he would often commence the discussion, seeking to draw out others, while humorously lamenting his own ignorance of the subject, will long be remembered.

No story of his life would be complete without mentioning these social gatherings, which he always looked forward to as among the pleasures the winter season had in store. But the reminiscences connected with them have caused us to overleap the date, and in the next chapter we must return to the period our history has reached.

CHAPTER IV.

The War Panic—Journey to St. Petersburg—Audience with the Czar—Failure of the Mission—Peace Deputation to Paris.

IN 1851 the Great Exhibition, the first commingling of all the nations of the world for the peaceful object of exhibiting their resources in art and manufacture, and thus promoting commerce and general enlightenment, seemed to many like the dawn of a new era in civilization, and the dream was indulged in that such a union would knit the nations together in a bond of brotherhood, making war from henceforth almost impossible ; a dream destined to be soon and rudely dispelled. But a few months rolled away before England was plunged into one of those panics which every now and then have disgraced her annals.

A dispute had arisen between Russia and Turkey on some question relating to the privileges of the Greeks in their use of the Holy Sepulchre and other places in Jerusalem. It was insinuated in our papers that the Russians had some deeper motive than the protection of their co-religionists, that this question was only a cloak

to cover a deep design, which the Emperor Nicholas had conceived, of subjugating Turkey, and thus of obtaining an easy road to our Indian Empire, which would, no doubt, next fall a victim to his unbounded rapacity, and greed of dominion. Monstrous as this idea now appears, it was so insisted upon by the papers, instigated by speakers both in Parliament and out, that the panic spread like wildfire. From the Queen on the throne, to the artisan in the workshop, there seemed but one thought, that Nicholas was a dangerous despot, who must be restrained—or with his vast empire, and unlimited resources, the whole civilized world would be in danger from his ambition.

Meanwhile, events of grave import had been taking place in France. The *coup d'état* had placed Louis Napoleon on an uncertain throne, and England had given way to a frenzy of fear and excitement. That one of that dreaded name and race should be in power seemed to threaten untold evils of retaliation and revenge. France, it was said, would never be satisfied till Waterloo was avenged.

While some panic-mongers were thus stirring up the people with the danger of invasion and attack from the French, the cry against Russia was raised, and soon the strange spectacle was seen of France and England united in close alliance against the common foe. To the adventurer who had just ascended the throne of France, through

deeds of bloodshed and treachery, this alliance was of the deepest importance, and he eagerly hailed the diversion in his favour. Turkey, who if left to herself, would probably have conceded to the Emperor's demands, finding she had such powerful supporters, took a menacing attitude. War thus seemed inevitable, unless Nicholas could be induced to withdraw his claims and leave the Greeks to their fate.

The belief in the unlimited power of the Czar may be seen from Mr. Kinglake's description in his "History of the Crimean War." The language seems to us now exaggerated, and the picture overdrawn, but it well depicts the general tone of feeling of the day respecting him—

"From head to foot a vast empire was made to throb with the passions that rent the bosom of the one man Nicholas. If for a few months he harboured ambition, the resources of the State were squandered in making ready for war. If his spirit flagged, the ambition of the State fell tame, and preparations ceased. If he laboured under a fit of piety, or rather of ecclesiastical zeal, all the Russians were on the verge of a crusade. He chafed with rage at the thought of being foiled in diplomatic strife by the second Canning, and instantly, without having counsel from any living man, he caused his docile battalions to cross the frontier, and kindled a bloody war."

But the frontier had not yet been crossed! and notwithstanding the opprobrious epithets heaped upon him, and the descriptions that made him

worse than any nursery ogre, there were some who could still look upon the Czar, not only as a man, but as one who held on essential points the same Christian truths with themselves, and who thought that if it were possible to reach his ear and influence his feelings and his conscience, the terrible calamity of a European war might yet be averted. This thought was strongly impressed on the mind of Joseph Sturge, a member of the Society of Friends, whose life of active benevolence had already caused him to be widely known, and he was warmly encouraged in it by Mr. Cooper, his friend and zealous fellow worker in many benevolent schemes, especially in the anti-slavery cause. They had, with others sharing their feelings in regard to war, done all they could, by means of public speaking and writing, to check the war spirit that had taken possession of England. But all in vain ! and now, despairing of influencing their own country, they turned to Russia. If they could, by a personal interview with the Emperor, and by every powerful appeal they could employ, persuade him to remove the cause that had fanned this flame, they felt it would be worth any sacrifice to achieve such a result. Joseph Sturge communicated this idea to his friends when assembled in their Standing Committee, known still by the name given to it in their days of persecution and trouble—"The Meeting for Sufferings."

The thought was warmly responded to, and sympathised in. A memorial, addressed to the Emperor, was drawn up, and Robert Charleton of Bristol and Henry Pease having offered themselves for the mission, they were appointed to accompany Joseph Sturge, to deliver it in person.

That this may not seem the dream of mere enthusiasts, it is necessary to understand the position the Society of Friends held in Russia. The Emperor Alexander had heard of this little sect of Christians in such a way, that, requiring someone to oversee the draining of some morasses near St. Petersburg, he set his heart on having a Friend to superintend the work. Daniel Wheeler accordingly went in 1818, and abundantly fulfilled the Emperor's expectations. He said on one occasion, "It was not the cultivation of morasses, or any outward object that led me to wish to have some of your Friends to come and settle here, but a desire that, by their genuine piety and uprightness in life and conversation, an example might be set before my people for them to imitate, and your friend Wheeler sets just such an example."

A few months after Daniel Wheeler had settled with his family in Russia, William Allen and Stephen Grellet paid a missionary visit to that country. They remained several months, and had many interviews with the Emperor and Prince Galitzin. Three years after their departure, the

Emperor said one day to Daniel Wheeler, "I have often thought of you; there has not been one day, not one day, but I have thought of you and Messrs. Allen and Grellet, and always felt myself united to you three in spirit." Another Friend, Thomas Shillitoe, visited Russia in 1824, and was kindly received by the royal family.

The Emperor Alexander died in 1825, and was succeeded by his son Nicholas. Daniel Wheeler continued at his post till 1832, when other duties made him wish to be liberated.

The kind feeling that thus was known to exist towards Friends in the Russian Court made it reasonable to hope that an audience with the Emperor would be granted, and that their words and the memorial they took with them would have some weight and influence. Their chief reliance, however, was in the power of the Lord, in whose name the Society desired to send their messengers, trusting that He would be with them, giving them a mouth and wisdom that could not be resisted.

That such a mission was not undertaken by those who thus voluntarily went forth on so difficult, and, owing to the state of public feeling, so unpopular an errand, without a deep personal conviction that it was their solemn duty, looking upon it even as a call from God, we cannot doubt.

A letter written since Henry Pease's death, by one who was at this time intimately associated

with him, gives us a little glimpse into what his feelings were on this occasion.

After alluding to many interesting conversations he had with him, the writer adds—

“I refer more especially to his utter detestation of war, and its inconsistency with the Christian faith. One remark he made to me, with the whole force of his nature, made a deep and lasting impression, and gave a bent to my own mind, which lies at the root of any efforts I have made in the cause of peace, viz., that if there was one cause above all others to which he felt he could devote the whole energies of his life, it was that of promoting ‘Peace on Earth,’ on the true Gospel Ground. And abundant proof we had that these were no mere *words*, in the lifelong sacrifices he made of time, money, and trouble, in the interests of the cause he had so much at heart. The solemn feeling with which he communicated to me one night the decision which, after a long and prayerful struggle he had come to, to unite with J. Sturge and R. Charleton in proceeding to see the Czar Nicholas; all this has been vividly recalled, and is not likely ever to be forgotten.”

Armed with the proper credentials and letters of introduction, the three Friends set forth at once on their mission, January 20th, 1854. It was the depth of winter, but they pressed on, travelling day and night, except Sunday. They felt that time was precious; any day the smouldering sparks might be fanned into a flame, and war be declared.

The history of this journey, and the reception of the three Friends in St. Petersburg, has been so often given, it might seem unnecessary to repeat it here, but the story of Henry Pease's life would not be complete without some reference to this important episode in it, and another generation having grown up, to whom the details may be new, a short account is given, chiefly drawn from his own letters. It must be remembered there was no telegraph in those days, and travelling and postal communications were extremely slow; therefore, when Henry Pease and his companions had once left England they were completely cut off from any means of knowing what was taking place in the political world, and thus, as no direct news could reach them while on their distant mission, the whole responsibility of carrying it out rested with them.

Their first Sunday was spent at Dusseldorf; starting again on Monday they travelled by rail to Berlin, and then to Konigsburgh. With minds fully alive to the objects of interest they were passing, they would not pause or turn aside for a single hour, but pressed on as fast as the train would take them, intent only on performing their mission.

At Konigsburgh, the railway then not going further, they had to take to a carriage. For two days and nights they travelled on, taking both

rest and food without leaving their vehicle, and by thus pressing forward they reached Riga on the Saturday evening. Sunday was spent quietly, reading together, as was their wont, in the Scriptures, and calling upon the one or two persons to whom they had letters of introduction.

From Riga the use of wheels had to be dispensed with, owing to the depth of the snow, and their carriage was fastened on to a sledge. While waiting for this to be done, Henry Pease wrote to his young son—

“What was there to do but to look out of the window into a street more busy than any I have seen in a town of the size, say 55,000. Everything is on sledges, with bells, until one’s ear was weary. A large proportion of these sledges were laden with merchandise of infinite variety, not omitting the frozen pig, standing up as pigs are wont to stand when alive. I much admired some of the sledges, handsomely built, with fine horses, capital harness, and portly drivers, dressed in well made, slate coloured cloaks, with red sash, noble, high, round caps, a little raised in the corner, made of dark rich red or blue velvet, upon a black velvet forehead piece; whilst the occupant of the sledge was dressed in rich furs, with an apron of fur.

At last, after a long delay, at which their spirits chafed, all was ready. The travellers mounted their carriage, the driver with shout and flourish dashed through the streets of Riga out into the wide snow-covered plains beyond, and thus began the 400 miles that still lay between

them and their goal—St. Petersburg. Henry Pease thus describes the scenery—

“The whole of the part of Russia through which we have passed is a flat. For a stage or two some undulations and portions very picturesque; very few gentlemen’s residences; the villages not attractive, built of wood, same as the Norwegian, generally on wide extended bare flats of country. The forests are very extensive, with but little fine timber. I cannot describe how charming is the effect of these forests of stately pines, standing on a white carpet, their green branches tipped with snow, whilst the forests of silver birch, every twig encrusted with ice, may be compared to trees of glass, united with all the graceful elegance of which thou canst suppose the birch to admit.”

Through the clear, frosty air, amid scenery as thus described, they travelled on, sometimes “in good style” with seven horses, four attached to the sledge and three in front, and with one or two slight misadventures from the upsetting of the sledge, and sticking fast in deep snow drifts, when they had to get out and help the driver to drag the sledge again upon the track, they at length reached the city on the Neva, February 2nd, feeling, amid all the exhilaration of foreign travel, the solemn responsibility of the mission that brought them there.

Kind friends had written and provided comfortable accommodation for them, and after three days and nights spent on the sledge with merely the food they carried with them—except the

occasional cup of hot tea at the post-houses when changing horses—the luxury of a well-cooked dinner and comfortable beds was fully appreciated.

Their first care was to send a note to Count Nesselrode, the Chancellor, requesting him to name a time when they might call on him to explain the nature of their mission. In a few hours he sent a messenger with a note in reply, naming one o'clock on Monday for the interview. The messenger was also instructed to offer to show them any objects of interest they might wish to see. On Monday morning the Count sent another note to say that the Emperor having sent for him, he probably would not be at liberty to see them till 1.30. This little act of politeness gratified and cheered them, for every indication of kindness and good-will was noted by them thankfully as an augury of success. The Chancellor received them courteously, listened to the address, expressed his satisfaction, and said that the Emperor would appoint a time to see them, and express his hearty concurrence with the sentiments it contained, and that they should also probably see the heir-apparent. On leaving, he politely accompanied them out of the room, again offering an escort to places of interest.

While waiting day after day in somewhat anxious suspense for the promised summons to the Emperor, they employed themselves in visiting some of the sights of the city.

In writing to his son, Henry Pease says—

“One afternoon I went to see a celebrated church, the granite columns are surprising, there must be 50 of them, rising 40ft., 3ft. 6in. diameter—each column one piece. The altar was nearly all massive silver—but there was so much bowing to the ground, muttering prayers, and making the sign of the cross before particular saints, that I came away thoroughly depressed, because I feared the form was taken for the substance. Then to see Peter the Great’s house, a small, wooden house—now built over to protect it; the best room, and the one in which he lived, might be 16ft. by 15ft.; the bedroom, not half the size, is now used by the priests. There they have a picture of a ‘Saint’; before this about a score of wax candles were flaming away, softened by their own combined heat. Two priests were chanting and perspiring, as well they might.”

But the sight which most impressed him was a visit to the Palace called the Hermitage. Words seemed to fail him in attempting to describe its size and magnificence, and the treasures of art it contained.

At last the long hoped for summons to the Palace came. They drove first to Count Nesselrode’s office. After waiting a short time, exposed to the inquisitive gaze of some of the minor officials, Baron Nicholay, in gorgeous uniform, appeared, and in a pleasant, simple manner, said—“I shall have the pleasure of going with you to his Majesty.”

Henry Pease relates—

“A short drive brought us to the Palace; plenty of great fellows to open the carriage door, and take our cloaks; and plenty of guards in the hall. A very likely looking palace servant, dressed in black with scarlet stripes here and there, and a beautiful black plume in his cap, led the way upstairs. Upstairs, upstairs, along galleries, through rooms, here soldiers of one province, and there attendants of another sort; arrived at the top, three fine fellows in white uniform, bright helmets and spears, who had there to bide their turn, allowed to evince as much animation as the stones they stood upon. Enter the ante-room a little before time, chat with Baron Nicholay at the window overlooking the Neva—about the sledge races, and the burning of the Palace a few years since—trying to appear at ease when in reality it was not so.—Observed that he who keeps the door of the Emperor’s Cabinet has no armour or sword, he is nearly black, quite eastern in costume, with turban, and scarlet shawl.—*Enter.* The Emperor coldly inclines toward us—a fine, powerful, tall frame, with an unmistakable countenance, which one thinks quite capable of saying, ‘Silence!’”

As soon, however, as the double doors were fairly shut, the stern countenance relaxed into a kindly expression, and he shook hands with them. Joseph Sturge then requested permission to read the address, which was granted to him. The Emperor listened attentively, and then replied in the following short speech, which had evidently been carefully prepared, and which was afterwards presented to them in writing:—

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

“I wish to offer some explanation of the circumstances which led to the present unhappy dispute.

“We received the blessings of Christianity from the Greek Empire, and this has established, and maintained ever since, a link of connection, both moral and religious, between Russia and that power. The ties that have thus united the two countries have subsisted for 900 years, and were not severed by the conquest of Russia by the Tartars; and when, at a later period, our country succeeded in shaking off that yoke, and the Greek Empire in its turn fell under the sway of the Turks, we still continued to take a lively interest in the welfare of our co-religionists there, and when Russia became powerful enough to resist the Turks, and to dictate the terms of peace, we paid particular attention to the well-being of the Greek Church, and procured the insertion, in successive treaties, of the most important articles in her favour. I have myself acted as my predecessors had done, and the Treaty of Adrianople in 1829 was as explicit as the former ones in this respect. Turkey on her part recognised this right of religious interference, and fulfilled her engagements till within the last year or two, when, for the first time, she gave me reason to complain.

“I will not now advert to the parties who were the principal instigators on that occasion, suffice it to say, that it became my duty to interfere, and to claim from Turkey the fulfilment of her engagements. My representations were pressing but friendly, and I have every reason to believe that matters would soon have been settled if Turkey had not been induced by other

parties to believe that I had ulterior objects in view; that I was aiming at conquest, aggrandisement, and the ruin of Turkey.

"I have solemnly disclaimed, and do now solemnly disclaim, every such motive. I do not desire war. I abhor it as sincerely as you do, and am ready to forget the past, if only the opportunity be afforded me."

He then expressed his great esteem for their Queen and country, and how deeply wounded he had felt by the unfair construction put upon his actions. That it was beneath his dignity to feel any resentment for personal insults and invectives, he was ready to hold out his hand to his enemies in a true Christian spirit, but he could not be indifferent to what concerned the honour of his country.

The interview did not end here, the Emperor requested the three Friends to be seated, and drawing up a chair near to them, he gave them an opportunity of still further expressing their views.

Perhaps no stranger *vis-a-vis* ever took place before or since. The "booted Czar," buckled tight in his uniform, with his majestic height and mien, which seemed so well to accord with his unlimited power over the destinies of Empires, and the three plainly dressed, unknown, untitled strangers from a foreign land, but whose belief in the power of One far greater than the

potentate before them, whose will above all things they desired to do, gave a fearlessness to their demeanour, and a dignity and pathos to their words. Joseph Sturge was the principal spokesman ; in a few earnest words he contrasted the Mahometan religion, which avowedly justifies the employment of the sword, with the religion of Him whose reign was to be emphatically one of peace, and dwelt on the misery that would fall upon innocent victims—men, women, and children—in the event of a European war.

On thanking the Emperor for their kind reception, Joseph Sturge added that though they would probably never see him again on this side eternity, they wished him to know that there were those in England who desired his temporal and spiritual welfare as much as his own subjects did.

The Emperor then shook hands very cordially, and accompanying them to the door shook hands again. His heart was evidently full of conflicting thoughts and emotions, but he merely said, "My wife wishes to see you." The interview with the Empress is thus described by Henry Pease :—

"We were then again escorted, I cannot tell thee where, but listless, well-fed, liveried and wondering servants abounded everywhere—a part of the five thousand constant residents at the Imperial Palace—until the large, folding, gilt doors opened for us to

enter the Empress's suite of rooms. She, though lady-like, is very shaky, and has ever been so since the desperate deeds on the Emperor's ascending the throne. Her salutation was, 'I have just seen the Emperor, he had tears in his eyes.' [A shorter and private route had enabled him to reach the Empress first, and warn her that they were coming to see her.]

"We were then requested to sit down, and we remained a short quarter of an hour with her and the Princess Olga. The latter, speaking to me, seemed to think it not just that the English should fraternize with the Emperor of a year, and deal so hardly with one who had been thirty years or nearly so, before the world."

The chief object of their mission being accomplished, they were now anxious to turn their faces homewards as soon as possible. These interviews took place on a Thursday, and they hoped to be able to start on the following Monday, but on Sunday afternoon Baron Nicholay called on them, bearing four messages from the Emperor, first, that he wished them to delay their departure a day or two, that he might present them with copies of his address to them in two languages, signed by Count Nesselrode; second, that his widowed daughter, Princess Mary of Leuchtenburg, who had visited England the preceding summer, wished them to call upon her at 12 o'clock on Tuesday; third, that in order to make up for the delay in starting, the Chancellor would send a Government courier

before them, that post-horses might always be ready at every station, which would so facilitate the journey they would scarcely be two hours later at Konigsburgh than if they had started as intended; and lastly, that the Emperor wished to present them with a souvenir in remembrance of their visit to the Palace, and requested them each to select any article they might like.

They agreed to remain, and to visit the Princess as desired, and accepted the kind offer of the courier with many thanks; but this last suggestion that they should accept a souvenir put them in some difficulty. They merely told the Baron they would write a note in reply; but when he left they found they were quite unanimous in feeling they must decline the offer; though they felt sure it was only made in kindness, they feared that receiving a gift might interfere with their freedom of speech and action on returning home, as it might possibly be said they had been bribed by the Emperor, when they gave the favourable report which they felt they would be bound to do. But how to word the refusal was a difficult matter; the three Friends sat up late that night writing and re-writing it, till at last they were satisfied that they had written as courteous and suitable a note as was possible. How the Emperor received it we are not told; probably he would understand and respect their motive. But the plot was thickening:

even while these peaceful interviews were going on, and the Emperor, both in speaking and writing, was expressing his earnest desire for peace, news was on its way which he considered took the responsibility out of his hands, and made it impossible for him to draw back.

The three Friends, unconscious of what that morning's post had divulged of the bitter animosity that found vent in the speeches in Parliament and in the public press, went, according to appointment, to call on the Princess Leuchtenburg. They were coldly though civilly received. They saw a look of constraint and depression on every countenance, and felt sure some adverse news must have arrived. Therefore, notwithstanding their favourable reception by the Czar, and the hopes this had reasonably raised, they started on their homeward journey that very afternoon, with feelings of foreboding anxiety. As they travelled on day after day on their cold, monotonous route they had, however, the comfort of feeling they had done what they could; and they endeavoured to leave the issue trustfully with God, in whose hands are the hearts of princes.

It was not till they reached their native land that they fully understood how utterly fruitless their mission had been, owing to the war spirit which had taken possession of the people. They found themselves also assailed by a storm of

ridicule and abuse, some, in defiance of fact and date, even asserting that they had by their interference helped to bring about that which they had sacrificed so much to prevent.

To us, who read this story in the light of history, when fear, and passion, and jealousy no longer distort the truth, there seems something pathetic in the way the much misrepresented and abused Czar, stung to the quick by the false motives that were ascribed to him, yet dreading war, not feeling prepared for it, and knowing that his vast empire, still in its infancy as regards civilization, needed the commerce and friendship of England, stretched out his hands eagerly to these messengers of peace, overlooking their humble and unofficial position, in his earnest desire that through them his true sentiments might reach their Queen and country. Bitter must have been his disappointment when the warlike news that morning's post conveyed, showed that the last hope of an amicable understanding was at an end.

The chief actors in this great drama are now all gone to their final account. The iron nerves of the great Nicholas gave way under the cruel calamities that befell his soldiers and country. He died March, 1855, it may be said, of a broken heart. The Empress who had in so touching a manner spoken of his tears, soon followed him; and the three brave, devoted

emissaries of peace now rest from their labours, having their reward, for He who said "Blessed are the peace-makers" does not measure faithful service by the success following its performance.

The depth of Henry Pease's feelings on the subject of war may be seen by the following extract from his journal, written a few weeks after his return home—

"3rd month, 14th, 1854.—After breakfast my thoughts turned to the contemplation of war, and on the bended knee I ventured to implore the Lord to permit the entreaty that He would constrain and restrain the Potentates, who had the lives of thousands in their hands, so⁶ that bloodshed and slaughter might not take place and the religion of Jesus be not blasphemed—that He would be pleased to remember with pity those districts which were in misery through war—that if consistent with His perfect wisdom, peace might prevail, and that it might be manifest that His power had brought it to pass. I do not remember to have ever been equally broken in spirit, and helped in a season of prayer, as if I were only the vessel through which the prayer went."

The following notice of this mission appeared in the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, May 17th, 1877—

"Thus ended unsuccessfully the Friends' mission to St. Petersburg. The gallant little life-boat had been wrecked by the mad violence of the crew it sought to save. But nevertheless the noble effort was not made in vain; it proved to the world what indeed at that

moment sorely needed proof, that all Christian feeling was not extinct in England. It presented a fine example of moral heroism, for it required a far higher order of courage to do what these good men did, in the state of English public opinion which then prevailed, than that which suffices to push men into 'the imminent deadly breach.' Dr. Macgowan, the distinguished medical missionary to China, states that while travelling in the interior of that country, he found that the story of this mission to St. Petersburg had somehow floated into that remote region, and had strangely impressed the not very susceptible people of China as a practical illustration of the real life and power of Christianity."

Two other journeys may here be mentioned which Henry Pease made in the cause of peace. One in 1867, when he formed one of a deputation from the Peace Society in London, to solicit the Emperor Louis Napoleon to grant permission for a Peace Congress to be held at Paris, at the time of the Exhibition.

The Emperor received him and his companions in a room in the Palace of the Tuileries, the windows of which commanded the long vista closed by the "Arc de Triomphe."

Their reception, though civil, had none of the *empressement* that marked his interview with the Czar, but the position of the two Emperors and the objects of the missions were so different, the same amount of feeling and deep interest could not be expected.

The advocacy of peace was not likely to be congenial to Napoleon ; probably he was even then meditating a far different policy. He listened to the address which the deputation presented to him with a stolid pre-occupied air. His answer was quite courteous, professing to agree with all the sentiments expressed, but so ambiguous as regarded the special object of the request, the deputation took it as a denial, which, in truth, it was, for a few hours after they left a more decided refusal was conveyed to them.

On Henry Pease's next visit to Paris in 1871, Louis Napoleon was an exile in England, and as he stood among the ruins of the Tuileries, and looked up through the charred beams to the blackened walls, which were all that remained of the sumptuous room where he had stood face to face with the Emperor three years before, and gazed on the broken, disfigured trees and other marks of desolation and destruction, it was an eloquent commentary on the cruel uncertainties and miseries of war.

Eleven years after this refusal of the Emperor, an International Peace Congress was held in Paris, *viz.* in 1878, at the time of the next Great Exhibition in that city. Henry Pease, as president of the Peace Society, which office he had held since his brother Joseph's death in 1872, attended it as a delegate from that body. He was much interested in meeting so many persons from different

lands who were warmly interested in the cause, and the kind reception he met with was cheering and gratifying.

He had made an effort a year or two before to disseminate peace principles in France, by getting Dymond's Essay on War translated into the French language, under the auspices of the venerable and Christian historian St. Hilaire. The little publication was sent forth with the earnest hope it might prove a word in season, and cause some to turn their attention to the subject.

Almost the last public meeting over which he presided was the annual meeting of the Peace Society held in May, 1879. He made a short opening speech, expressing his deep interest and sympathy in the subject. It was not then anticipated that his working days for this, and every other cause for which he laboured, were so nearly ended.

CHAPTER V.

He visits America—Opening of the Barnard Castle and Tebay Line.

IN 1856 Henry Pease visited America, accompanied by his son, and his cousin, Edwin L. Pease.

The object of the journey was partly social, and partly religious, but still more was it undertaken as a thorough break and relaxation from business pursuits and cares. There was much also to attract him to America, in the friendships he had already formed with many who had come over to this country, and his brother John's long missionary tour there, would, he knew, cause every heart and home where he was known to be thrown open to him.

They sailed from Liverpool on April 5th in the *Africa*. The voyage was safe and uneventful, but sufficiently stormy to make them very thankful when, after fourteen days, they reached New York.

According to expectation they were most cordially received by all the Friends they met with.

Their first experience was at Philadelphia, to which city they went immediately on landing, as

the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends was then taking place there. This gave them the opportunity of seeing many they knew, and the days were closely filled up in attending meetings, paying social visits, and making excursions in the neighbourhood. They then went north, visiting among other objects of interest the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and the Falls of Niagara.

Even these and other grand feature of nature, from the ever encroaching works of man, have undergone a change since then, and the America of forty years ago must have been very different from the America of to-day. Where our travellers found then the solitary wooden hotel at the railway terminus, or the half completed streets of a city surrounded by forest land or prairie, stately buildings and a teeming population are now found. Henry Pease believed in the future of America, and the enterprise and energy which he everywhere saw exhibited, awoke his warm sympathy and admiration.

At Niagara he was taken seriously ill, which detained the party there a few days. When he was sufficiently recovered to travel they went forward, crossing lake Erie to get a glimpse of Canada. At Montreal he left his young companions to visit Quebec and other points of interest, while he made his way south to Newport, in order to be in time to attend the Yearly Meeting held there. Here he was joined in a few days by his

son and cousin, and the meetings being over, they proceeded to New York.

After some days spent in that city visiting their friends and making excursions, they went to Boston, from which city they started on their homeward voyage on July 2nd, reaching England on the 13th.

This rapid sketch gives no adequate idea of the deep interest and pleasure this tour afforded him.

With his accustomed wish to make others share as much as possible in every advantage or means of instruction that came across his own path, he prepared a lecture on his return home, which he gave first in his own town, and afterwards by request in many neighbouring places.

During his absence in America an event occurred in his native land deeply interesting to him, *viz.* the completion of the Darlington and Barnard Castle line of railway.

For fifteen years the idea was not lost sight of that a line of railway connecting these two towns would prove a great desideratum, the people of Barnard Castle showing a laudable ambition to be annexed. The scheme, however, met with so much opposition from some of the great land-owners through whose estates it must pass that it was allowed to slumber and to wait for a more propitious time to bring it forward. This at last arrived, and on the 20th of July, 1854, the first

sod was cut by the Rev. T. Witham, of Darlington Hall, chairman of the line, and the second sod by Henry Pease, as one of the first promoters. The work had progressed and was nearly completed before he went to America, and the opening ceremony took place on July 5th, while he was on his homeward voyage.

In those days when the district lay all ready for development by far-seeing enterprising men, the completion of one undertaking was only the signal for commencing another, and thus Henry Pease, on returning home, immediately began to devise a scheme for uniting the east and west of the island, by an extension of this new line of railway from Barnard Castle to Tebay, and there effecting a junction with the London and North Western line. This railway, of all those in whose construction he took a personal part, was the one in which he felt the liveliest interest, and to which he devoted most time. His brother Joseph wrote—

“12th month 8th, 1856.

“My beloved brother,

“Should the busy, bustling, whistling railway ever traverse Stainmoor’s wintry wastes, or the inhabitants beyond be supplied with cheapened and excellent fuel, or a first-class highway be established between the German wave and the Great Atlantic, they that profit thereby, and rejoice therein, will doubtless have much to thank thee for in thy exertions and perseverance.”

The whole country now is so intersected with railways that the construction of a new line awakens scarcely any interest in the community at large, but it was very different in those early days of railway enterprise. The passing of a Railway Bill was made the occasion of a public holiday; and the cutting of the first sod was an important ceremony. So though the following description that appeared in a short sketch of Henry Pease's life some years after the railway was opened may seem rather high flown or exaggerated, it so well describes the scenery of that desolate moor which he so often had to traverse in all weathers on a pioneer engine, and the difficulties that had to be surmounted, that we venture without further apology to insert it—

“From Barnard Castle westward, stretches a wide expanse of moorland and mountain, peopled only by a few shepherds and farmers, who pastured their flocks on the hills and prepared for winter as for a siege. It was a desolate land. Even to this day, when hurrying trains cross and recross the iron road laid by the engineer over the mountain barrier which forms the watershed between the two seas, the region is one of the most solitary to be found in England. A stone house here and there, worn by the winter storms which rave among the hills, alone relieves the monotonous expanse of moor and hill. The pee-wit wheels, crying over her nest; shaggy ponies canter away from the noisy train; sheep, black with peat stains, bleat to

their truant lambs; but for mile after mile no human being meets the eye.

“It was across this dreary region that Henry Pease determined to carry the railway, and it was across this tract of mountainous country that Henry Pease did carry the railway in spite of all difficulties. Although the Bill authorising the construction of the new line passed without opposition, so greatly had times changed since dukes rode post-haste to London to defeat railway Bills which interfered with their fox covers, the difficulties of constructing this line would have appalled many an engineer. Right athwart the path which perforce must be taken by the iron horse, lay the mountainous back-bone of England, the huge range of hills known as Stainmoor. Time was, and that not forty years before, when George Stephenson and Edward Pease could devise no better means for surmounting Brusselton Bank, a hill only 150 feet high, than by the expedient of an inclined plane and a stationary engine. It is needless to say no such expedient was resorted to for the passage of Stainmoor.

“Engineering science and the power of the locomotive had advanced with gigantic strides since No. 1 was made for the Stockton and Darlington line, and Henry Pease, ably seconded by his engineering allies, the Bouches of Shildon, attempted and succeeded in carrying a railway to Stainmoor. Deep dales had to be bridged, and the bridges, which, by the bye, were the first in the district made entirely of Cleveland iron, are still among the most graceful erections of the railway engineer. By a long and steady ascent Stainmoor was crossed, and although at the summit the train is 1,374 feet above sea level, there has never

been any difficulty in working the line with all descriptions of traffic. The enterprise was one of the boldest, the success was complete. Stainmoor was crossed, and Henry Pease had the satisfaction of carrying on the line to Kirkby Stephen, and from thence to Tebay, where it effected a junction with the London and North Western.

“ * * Like all the other undertakings which Mr. Pease projected, it has been uniformly prosperous. The rapid development of the hematite mines of the West, the ironstone of Cleveland and the coalfields of South Durham, fully justified the prescience of its projector ; for the line was no sooner opened than it was found to be indispensable to the prosperity of the districts which it connected. The line was amalgamated with the Stockton and Darlington in 1862, and the year after that again, the Stockton and Darlington itself, with all its branches, was absorbed by the North Eastern.”

We are indebted to Sir Joseph W. Pease for the following information respecting the members of the staff, with whom Henry Pease was associated in these early days, without which we feel even this short sketch of his life would not be complete :—

“First on the list naturally come the two Stephensons, George and his son Robert, whose fame became world-wide. In connexion with them I may add John Dixon, George Stephenson’s first pupil and resident engineer on Chat-moss, afterwards consulting engineer on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and personal friend of every member of the Board. In natural sequence follow the Railway Secretaries, Samuel

Barnard, Oswald Gilkes, and Thomas Macnay; the Locomotive Engineer William Bouch and his brother Thomas, afterwards Sir Thomas Bouch, who engineered the South Durham and Lancashire line over the wilds of Stainmoor. Neither can we omit the solicitor and trusted friend for at least three generations of the Pease family, Francis Newburn, the first man who passed a railway Bill through Parliament.

“With him was associated Henry Hutchinson, his hard-working partner and son-in-law, whose financial ability was of great service to the infant railway life. Nor must his other able son-in-law, John Shields Peacock, be forgotten. He was solicitor to the owners of the Middlesbrough Estate and the lawgiver to the young borough in which he ultimately made his home. It was with these men, all of marked sterling qualities and abilities, that Henry Pease worked in the details of early railway enterprise, and this at a time when precedent had to be made, not sought for in the records of the past.”

The railway enterprises, in which Henry Pease was so much interested, formed, however, but a small part of his business cares at this period of his life. The spinning and weaving mills claimed much of his time and attention till he retired from the partnership in 1870.

It may not be inappropriate to mention that, in common with his fellow partners in the collieries, he felt the employment of so large a number of work-people involved a grave responsibility. Care was taken that suitable dwellings should be provided for the pitmen, with

gardens where this was possible, that these men and boys, condemned by their work to spend so many hours in darkness underground, might have a healthful employment and recreation when released from their toil. Schoolrooms were built, and first-rate teachers engaged, with the gratifying result that generally some of the colliery schools stood higher in the Government examiner's report than any others in the neighbourhood. Missionaries were also employed, and a colporteur, who took round in his cart from village to village attractive and interesting, but moral and religious books. This colportage was one of the many benevolent schemes of his nephew Edward Pease.

Besides his private business claims, there were also the public works, in which he took an active part. Among these public enterprises the Water Works may be especially mentioned. He looked upon them not only as commercial undertakings, but as essential to the comfort and prosperity of the people. To provide the poor with a plentiful supply of good water at their very doors was an intense satisfaction to him. The population had increased so rapidly that it required much foresight and decision to be prepared to meet the wants of so fast an extending district. With this pleasure in the practical work and development of the enterprises he had helped to set on foot, he felt it a personal disappointment, and as if called to give up a cherished

possession, when in 1875, after a hard fought struggle before a Parliamentary committee, the Stockton and Middlesbrough Corporations obtained power to force a compulsory sale of the works that had for years supplied these towns with water pumped up from the River Tees, near Darlington. He had laboured zealously and faithfully as chairman of these works to make them a success, and the money compensation, though large, could not make amends for all he felt in giving them up.

A better compensation lay in helping to carry out other works with a similar object which were commenced in 1865 among the moorland hills above Stanhope. The little lake at Waskerly, amid its heather-covered moors, and its companion Tunstall, were projected to supply a great need in the neighbouring thickly-populated colliery district, where the want of good water was greatly felt. The mention of these important public works, with others which we cannot now particularize, is necessary to show how full of enterprise and energy his life was, for the chairmanship of these and similar companies was no sinecure, especially to one who felt the responsibility of holding office as he did ; but it has led us to forestall the date, and we must now return to the year 1857, when his energies were to have a wider field, though still closely connected with the district whose prosperity was ever very near his heart.

CHAPTER VI.

Returned as Member for South Durham—Second marriage—Death of his Father—Marriage of his eldest son—Stanhope Castle—Saltburn—Retires from Parliament.

IT was not probable that one so active and public spirited, and by his position so often brought to the fore-front, would escape being solicited to embark on a political career.

So far back as 1841 the question of representing the Southern Division of the County of Durham had been brought before him. On this occasion he writes in his journal—

“6th Month 14.—There was some excitement to-day about the Election—Lord H. Vane and Bowes being in the town. I was closely pressed to agree to stand as candidate; but I seem easy in declining, believing that the Divine arm will be more seen by me in this thing, if in His ordering. And yet a secret doubt suggests itself, if I have really done with the matter.”

Again, six years later, in 1847, he was much urged to stand, and again he felt he must decline, as no light seemed to shine upon the path.

It was not till 1857, when Lord Palmerston appealed to the country after his defeat on the Chinese war, that he felt the time had come to respond to the call.

The Reform Bill of 1832 had divided the County of Durham into two Divisions, and given two Members to each Division. No borough had at that time been enfranchised in the Southern Division, the representation included, therefore, several thriving, populous towns, both inland and on the sea coast.

It had since the Reform Bill been a Liberal seat. In 1847 and 1852 the Liberal Party were not prepared with a second candidate, and it was in the hope of regaining it to the Liberal side that Henry Pease, in 1857, was asked once more to come forward with Lord Harry Vane, afterwards Duke of Cleveland, and the last to bear the title.

The requisition, couched in the following gratifying terms, was numerously signed—

TO HENRY PEASE, ESQ., of Pierremont.

“We, the undersigned electors of the Southern Division of the County of Durham, being satisfied with your general political principles which are well known to us, appreciating your ever ready exertions for the social improvement of the people, believing also that your connection with the great mining, railway, and commercial interests of this Division eminently qualify you to represent it in the House of Commons, earnestly solicit you to come forward as one of the

candidates for the representation of the Division at the coming election, and hereby pledge ourselves to use every effort necessary to secure your return."

As was his wont, he took counsel of his father and brothers ; his father, who at first opposed it, was won over, saying at length—" Well, I have always liked Christian men being sent to the House of Commons ! "

His brother Joseph, who was in London, wrote—

" Wood's Hotel, London, 3/19, 1857.

" My beloved Brother,

" Surely this is an unfavourable place, and my circumstances are still more so, for quiet thought. All my tenderness is drawn out towards thee, if thou art to pass through half what I did—I hope not. ' Something of God ' in thy own soul must be thy warrant if thou accedes—thy own comfort, peace and happiness are nearly concerned. I thought thou might be brought to this, but it did not seem my place to offer any previous opinion. If thy mind turns to it, be *firm*, *firm*. Answer, I will not think of it unless you can satisfy me that a majority desire it."

Henry Pease was satisfied as regards the desire of the majority, and as the call had again come to him unsought, and some difficulties that had before deterred him had lessened, he believed the time had come to consent to come forward, trusting that, if returned, it would be an opening for further usefulness, and that in this important position he might be enabled to uphold the cause of truth and righteousness.

There was some difficulty in the outset of his candidature, owing to his well-known peace principles, and the question of the war with China being so prominent a one with the supporters of Lord Palmerston ; but while firmly adhering to his views on the subject of peace, he could so fully promise to support the Government in its general policy that this question was not allowed to stand in his way, and he had the gratification of finding himself, wherever he went, surrounded by loyal and enthusiastic supporters, and on the day of election was returned at the head of the poll.

It is not needful to dwell on all the excitements of a contested election, or to attempt to follow his course from town to town, haranguing in market places, answering questions, meeting old friends, and making many new ones. All the crucial topics of the day had, as it is the wont on these occasions, to be touched upon—education, temperance, peace, the Maynooth grant, etc. On the day of nomination he underwent an ordeal which he thought scarcely fair ; a set of questions, prepared by an acute mind, were fired off at him without any warning, and impromptu answers expected. A little ready wit and quick repartee helped him to turn the laugh against the questioner.

On the day of election, when the triumph was complete, there was much merriment when

the sword was buckled to the side of such a sturdy upholder of peace principles, but he looked upon it as emblematic of the power of the State to be a terror to evil doers, and by no means as a pledge that he would uphold the military system.

The intentions and hopes with which he entered upon this new field of labour may be seen from the following passage in his electoral address—

“The representative of so intelligent a constituency, in a district teeming with industrial development, must not sleep at his post, work he must. I was born and have lived among you. I have associated with you in every walk in life, and whether for commercial or railway enterprises, in struggles for political reforms and general education, in the service of science or philanthropy, you know I have not shrunk from work. If, however, instead of cordial co-operation with you at home, I am to serve you in a more extensive sphere elsewhere, I feel no doubt that my long cherished local friendships, and my known love for South Durham, will afford you sufficient guarantees that your interests will ever occupy my earnest attention.”

That he fulfilled these promises as far as lay in his power will be the testimony of all who knew how faithfully he laboured to meet the requirements of so large a constituency.

At this time of his life he often suffered from severe nervous headaches, and the anxiety to get

through his correspondence when physically unfit was not unfrequently a great strain upon him. The late hours and the heated atmosphere of the House did not suit his health, and he felt the noisy streets of London a poor exchange for his favourite haunts in his quiet gardens. But he recognised also the compensations. He was not insensible to the honour of being a member of one of the oldest, and, as he felt it, one of the most dignified assemblies in the world; or to the mental advantage and the interest of being brought into contact with some of the finest minds of the day, with some of whom he became on pleasant terms of friendship.

He came to the House at a stirring time, when there was, perhaps, an unusual degree of intellectual vigour to be found in it. John Bright was in the zenith of his strength, electrifying the House by his speeches, which were given with so little apparent effort that men scarcely perceived their power, till they found themselves thinking his thoughts, using his words, and adopting his similes.

Richard Cobden, too, was there, with the power of influence that honest conviction gives, persuading men to his views by convincing them—so that, if success be a test of oratory, he might, as Mr. McCarthy says of him, be considered one of the greatest orators England has ever known. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli

were also there, "carrying on that long Parliamentary duel which only knew a truce when at the close of the session in 1876 Mr. Disraeli crossed the threshold of the House of Commons for the last time, thenceforward to take his place among the peers as Lord Beaconsfield. A truce since these words were written yet more completely closed, by the silence of death overtaking one of these great rivals.

Lord John Russell ; Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrook ; Roundell Palmer, created Lord Selborne ; Sir Bulwer Lytton, who became Earl of Lytton ; and many others might be mentioned.

And leading this brilliant assembly, with an almost magic power, was the aged veteran, Lord Palmerston, who had sat in that House for forty years, and to whom everyone seemed ready to offer a respectful if it might not even be called an affectionate deference, While Lord John Russell's reserve and coldness repelled, Lord Palmerston's genial courtesy and kindness drew all hearts toward him. Occasionally as their path across the Park lay in the same direction, in the early morning, with the day just breaking, Henry Pease would offer his arm to the veteran statesman, which was always accepted with "You are very good, Sir,"—and a pleasant chat would follow.

Finding that he had some wish to be presented at Court, Lord Palmerston offered to

present him, and kindly undertook to get him the necessary information in regard to the formula to be gone through—but the time was allowed to slip by and Henry Pease never availed himself of this kindness.

He used to relate as an example of the cheerful temperament that made Lord Palmerston so popular, that once, when dining at his house, the conversation turning on the electric telegraph and other new inventions, one of the company exclaimed, "My Lord, we have lived fifty years too soon, 'tis a pity we are not sucking calves, to begin life again."

"No, no," laughed his Lordship, "we have done very well, we have had a good time of it, for my part I am quite content to leave the good things in store for those who come after me."

It was in the midst of Henry Pease's parliamentary career that an event occurred that greatly affected all his future life—his second marriage on January 19th, 1859.*

It is not possible to lift the veil fully on this part of the sacred past. This portraiture will have been a very imperfect one if it has not made it apparent that he possessed those qualities that eminently fitted him both to appreciate the blessings, and fulfil the duties, of home life. But no pen can portray, at least she who is left cannot

* Henry Pease married on Jan. 19th, 1859, Mary Lloyd, daughter of Samuel and Mary Lloyd, Woodgreen, Wednesbury.

attempt it, the tenderness of his nature, the chivalry that gave a sort of poetic fervour to his affections, the sensitiveness, partly bred of past sorrows, that made it exquisite pleasure to try and shield him from the annoyances and troubles of life, which he was at times apt to feel too keenly, beyond what the occasion merited.

And when the little children were given, the affection which hitherto had been lavished on his only son was shared fully by them. He seemed to grow young again as he played with them, ever devising new schemes for their amusement or profit. Only those who saw him with his arms around them, the tender light in his eye, and the endearing pet name on his lips, can know the wealth of tenderness and love that vanished when he was taken.

His old and faithfully attached servants must here be mentioned. Before his coachman died, about two years before his own death, he used to remark that the united years of service of his coachman, gardener, and butler amounted to nearly one hundred. On his coachman's death he felt as if he had lost a personal friend ; he erected a monument to his memory in the cemetery where he was buried. On an open Bible lies a whip ; on one page are the words, " In life trusted "—on the other, " In death trusting." His butler was his affectionate attendant and nurse during his years of failing health.

In the autumn preceding his marriage, two events occurred which deeply affected him; the death of his beloved brother-in-law, Francis Gibson, of Saffron Walden, and that of his venerable father at the age of 91. This remarkable man retained his faculties in full force to the end. A journal which he kept till within a few months of his death reveals the clearness of his thoughts and the warmth of his affections, as, surrounded by loving children and grandchildren, the closing years of his long life glided by. The veneration and affection with which his son Henry regarded him may be seen from the following entry in his journal, dated November 1st, 1841—

“Evening chiefly spent with my beloved father, who seems remarkably endowed with Christian graces, as years creep on. A subdued mind, yet very cheerful and active; a clear and intelligent, and comprehensive understanding, a benevolent heart; cautious and charitable in conversation, though possessed of an unusual fund of practical and select knowledge; blessed by a kind Providence with a meek and quiet spirit; living in the affections of his children and grandchildren; beloved by his friends; revered by all the good and discerning who properly know his character and worth.”

It seemed a merciful provision for his affectionate son that the severing of this tender tie, and the breaking up of the old family home, were so quickly followed by the absorbing interests of his new domestic happiness.

On his marriage he took as his summer residence Stanhope Castle in Weardale. It had been uninhabited for many years, and the plantations had remained uncared for, while the kitchen garden had been merely stocked with what the gardener left in charge found profitable to sell. It was a work very much to his taste to put the house into habitable order, and to improve and beautify the gardens and surroundings. Year by year saw some new improvement effected, or some pleasant scheme carried out, till he used playfully to say that there was nothing left for him to do.

In this favourite home many of the happiest days of his life were passed. His children will ever remember how their father shared in the enjoyment of the delightful summer afternoons spent on the Waskerly Reservoir in their boat *Sunbeam*, and the picnics at Kettle Bay. Also their rambles up the wooded glens, following the course of the tributary streams, that over rock and boulder made their way to the river Wear. Even when his power of walking lessened, to the last, with almost as much pleasure as any of the youthful party round him, he would join in the excursions which by driving could be shared in.

The fine bracing air suited his health, and he never tired of the moorland scenery surrounding Stanhope, but returned to it, even after the grandeur of Switzerland or the colouring of Italy, with a loving appreciation, feeling deeply thankful that



STANHOPE CASTLE.

such a retreat, embracing so much that he delighted in, should be permitted him.

His humble gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift will ever be remembered by his children in connection with their life in this pleasant spot. "These things," he would say, "do not come as a matter of course, let us thank the Lord who so loadeth us with benefits."

We would here mention his intense and almost reverential love for flowers. He would stand before a rose tree in beautiful bloom, transfixed in admiration almost amounting to worship; and this tenderness for flowers made it almost a pain to him to see them ruthlessly plucked or thrown away. In 1863 a fresh interest and pleasure was brought into his life by the marriage of his son Henry Fell, with Elizabeth, elder daughter of John Beaumont Pease. This pleasure was greatly increased by his son's new house, Brinkburn, being near to Pierremont, the grounds adjoining one another, so that when at home almost daily intercourse could be maintained.

To return to the summer of 1859, the year of his own marriage; while staying a few days with his brother Joseph's family at his sea-side house at Marske-by-the-Sea, Henry Pease one afternoon disappeared, and returned late for dinner, heated and exhausted. He explained afterwards that he had walked along the sand-hills to where the burn,

which gave the name of Saltburn to a few fishermen's cottages under the cliff, met the sea; and that, seated on the hill-side, he had seen, in a sort of prophetic vision, on the cliff before him, a town arise, and the quiet, unfrequented glen, through which the brook made its way to the sea, turned into a lovely garden. It was not a new thought to him, but from that time it took a practical shape. He imparted his ideas to his fellow railway directors, and they warmly took up the scheme.

We have seen how, years before, it was thought a great venture to take the railway as far as Middlesbrough. Great changes, however, had taken place in the neighbourhood since then, and, following the curve of the coast, it had reached Redcar, and then Marske; two-and-a-half miles more of rail were alone needed to open out this charming site to all health and pleasure seekers. His recent visit to America, where he had seen cities, the marvellous growth of a few years, rising up in the wake of every new railway, no doubt helped to make him sanguine that a speedy and brilliant success would attend a watering-place endowed with all the natural advantages that Saltburn possessed.

That others shared in his hopes and enthusiasm was seen by the large, palatial hotel which was at once planned, and in the course of time erected at the terminus of the railway. The land, chiefly

purchased from Lord Zetland, was laid out to a plan, and it may truly be said that he watched almost every house with interest as it developed his scheme, and brought others to take an interest and pleasure in the spot.

The gardens were, however, his chief delight ; he so intensely admired and enjoyed them, he wondered that every one that had the power did not come and luxuriate in the combination of charms to be found in them.

There was, perhaps, a shade of disappointment as years went on that Saltburn did not grow as rapidly as at first it seemed to promise to do, but on the other hand there was much to gratify in its steady increase, and, as everything was well done, he could still indulge the hope that a prosperous future was in store for it.

The three or four weeks spent almost every summer in his house, No, 5, Britannia Terrace, formed a very happy part of his children's holidays. The fine hard sands for driving or walking, the boating and fishing, and listening to the band in the gardens on the warm summer evenings, will ever be remembered by them in connection with their dear father as he shared these pleasures with them. Fishing was the only sport of the kind he indulged in. On a calm evening, accompanied by his boys, he occasionally enjoyed to spend a quiet hour or

two, dropping the line into the deep sea, and sharing in their excitement at success.

The Convalescent Home built by his nephews and himself was a continual source of pleasure and satisfaction to him. It was built to accommodate sixty patients at a time, all to be admitted free of charge, and each season more than 500 poor invalids have had the advantage of change of air and good food. Two or three rooms are set apart for patients in a different position in life. This has proved a great boon, and very timely refreshment to many toiling Bible-women, town missionaries, worn-out school-mistresses, and others who could not otherwise have the rest and change they so much need.*

But all these things did not spring up at once. The planning and building of a town is not accomplished without much thought and labour. Henry Pease never shrank from his share of the work, and a large share therefore devolved upon him, but it was a work much to his taste, and Saltburn became one of the great interests of his life.

With so much occupation, and so many things claiming thought and time near home—with also an almost passionate love for the seclusion and stillness of the country—it can be imagined that

* It is now found necessary to make a charge (21s. for a three weeks' residence, 30s. for private patients). We are thankful to believe that those for whose benefit the Home was intended have not suffered in consequence.



Photograph by

SALTBURN.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

he felt the attendance at Parliament involved a severe sacrifice of taste and inclination.

He endeavoured to lessen this sacrifice in one respect by living in the country within easy reach of London. In the beautiful neighbourhood of Reigate and Dorking, pleasant homes were found during several sessions, and though this plan caused a good deal of separation from his wife and children, he felt the restful quiet and the country enjoyments thus gained were more than a compensation.

But with all his interests in politics, and in the questions of the day, his heart was not in city life, and it was a great relief to him, on Parliament being dissolved in 1865, to feel the time had come when he might relinquish his seat, his nephew, now Sir J. W. Pease, succeeding him in it.

Mingled with the relief there could not, however, but be some feeling of regret in parting from colleagues who had ever shown him the greatest kindness and cordiality. His voice was not often heard in the House, but he was a hard working member, conscientious in attending to give his vote, and taking a useful part in Committees. Lord Brougham said of him, "A more respectable or a more useful member, I will venture to say, the House of Commons does not possess.

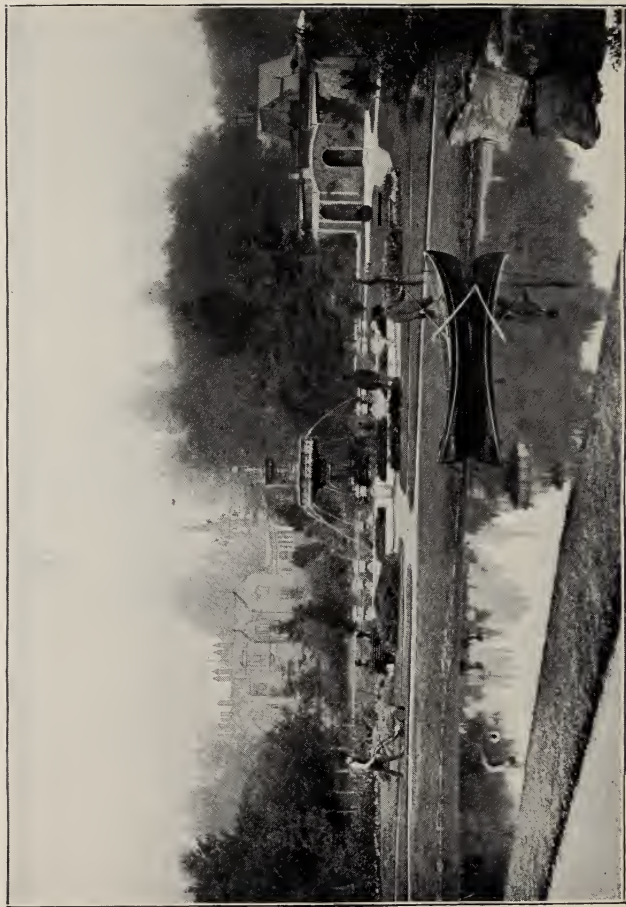
CHAPTER VII.

Death of his brothers John and Joseph Pease—Railway Jubilee—Visit from Dean Stanley.

IN giving up his seat in Parliament Henry Pease wrote to his constituents, "Allow me to say that in returning to private life, it will ever be my desire to unite with you, so far as opportunity offers, in promoting the further development of the district, and in aiding local efforts having for their object its general weal. These are the considerations which, to a large extent, mitigate the sincere regret I feel in severing our present relations toward each other."

As a railway director, a chairman of water and gas works, and other companies, as chairman also of the Board of Health, and on the Town obtaining a corporation, elected first Mayor—continuing in office two years—he had abundant opportunities of fulfilling his promises, and earnestly and faithfully did he endeavour to do so.

But though these duties which he so voluntarily undertook made him almost a busier man than when he was in the House, he was more master of his own time and actions, and he took advantage of this liberty by indulging in the relaxation that travelling always brought him.



VIEW OF PIERREMONT FROM SOUTH PARK GARDEN.

His delight in beautiful scenery was enthusiastic, and added much to the pleasure of these journeys. Switzerland was visited several times, Italy and Sicily, Germany and the north of France. And not only did he turn his steps to these more distant parts: Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were also visited, and many quiet nooks in his native land. On these journeys nearer home he was generally only accompanied by his wife, and the quieter the spot, the more complete the seclusion, the more did he luxuriate in it, the only regret being that the days spent in these cherished holidays too quickly glided by.

In alluding to the relaxations he permitted himself, the pleasure and enjoyment his gardens gave him must again be mentioned.

In 1873, he laid out a new garden in a piece of ground opposite his house, which he called Pierremont South Park. This became a continual source of interest to him; he seemed to enjoy it doubly from allowing others to share it also. All were freely admitted who applied at the garden door for permission—and the liberty thus granted was never abused. In the six years since a visitors' book was placed in the entrance more than 10,000 entered their names singly, or in smaller or larger parties. This figure, large as it is, probably does not represent the full number of those who took advantage of enjoying the sight of flowers and fruit in full beauty from careful cultivation, as

many were in the habit of visiting it without entering their names.

This was not the only way in which he showed his desire that his neighbours should share in his pleasure in the beauties of nature. He planted trees along some of the roads leading to the town, and while he had the satisfaction of seeing them spring up into vigorous growth and beauty, he often said, "I have planted them for others, who, I hope, when I am gone, will admire and enjoy them."

He supported the different Flower Shows annually held in the neighbourhood, feeling an especial interest in those in the villages round Stanhope—estimating with an understanding sympathy the ingenuity and personal toil required to obtain the gratifying results exhibited.

In the summer of 1868, he lost his beloved brother John, who died at his country house at Ayton after a short illness, and in 1872, after a more protracted decline, his brother Joseph's active, useful life was closed.

He felt these events intensely. He had ever been bound to his brothers by more than the tie of blood; they shared the same religious interests, "taking sweet counsel together, and walking to the House of God in company." In times of commercial anxiety they had mutually supported each other, and in political and philanthropic efforts they had ever stood side by side,

proving the strength of "the threefold chord" in many a testing experience.

And now he stood alone as regards these and other beloved friends and advisers of his younger days, which isolation, his natural temperament and the circumstances of his past life caused him peculiarly to feel.

But yet more touching to his heart than the removal of his contemporaries in years was the cutting down of the young and strong in the fulness of their life and usefulness. And though he bowed in submission, and could feel deeply thankful for the mercies mingled in the cup, the deaths of his nephews, Gurney and Charles Pease, were personal and tenderly felt sorrows—calling forth also all the sympathy of his heart towards those on whom the blow fell most heavily.

Among the events that marked the next few years, none stands out with greater prominence than the Railway Jubilee of 1875. The idea of making a grand celebration in Darlington on the jubilee of the opening of the first public railway originated with Henry Pease, and was warmly seconded by the Directors of the North Eastern Board when he brought the subject before them in the early part of the year.

There was much to appeal to his feelings in such a celebration. It seemed partly like doing honour to the memory of those who were gone. His father and brothers, and most of those who had planned the

opening ceremony fifty years ago, had passed away. He felt as if he stood almost alone of all those who were present at it—and as if a sort of responsibility rested upon him not to let the occasion pass unnoticed.

By bringing thousands free of cost from every part of England to Darlington by means of this wonderful agency, which had grown from that small beginning till it had transformed the lives and habits of the people all over the world, influencing their every thought and feeling, he wished to stamp the historical fact of its local commencement and its subsequent growth on the minds of all.

The gigantic strides that Invention had made during these fifty years was also illustrated by placing the first engine, No. 1, side by side with its powerful successors in one large engine shed.*

It was like acting history, and he intensely felt the significance of the day, and laboured hard to make it a success, assisted by his son, Henry Fell, who as Mayor of the town, took an important and very helpful share of the work. A stormy night, which put in peril the large banquet tent, was succeeded by a bright, breezy morning. Thousands flocked into the town from far and near. The Market Place was at first the centre of attraction, for there the statue of Joseph Pease, presented by

* The weight of No. 1 in working order is $6\frac{1}{2}$ tons, and it is of 16 nominal horse power. The weight of the most recent among those exhibited then was 31 tons, and its power nominally that of 520 horses. No. 1 now stands on the platform of the station at Darlington.

the subscribers to the Corporation, was to be unveiled by the Duke of Cleveland.

Never before or since has the town put on such a festal appearance. The sun shone on the banners and bannerets, on the gay balconies filled with spectators, and on the dense crowd, through which the procession of trades and guilds and other bodies, bearing their insignia, defiled slowly for hours to the strains of inspiring bands. When the Lord Mayor of London appeared on the scene, resplendent in his robes, with his trumpeters in their gorgeous array, the enthusiasm of the people reached its height, and notwithstanding the presence of a Duke, a Bishop, and other noble personages, the Lord Mayor in his grandeur was the hero of the hour. Then the unveiling took place, with kindly words said for the departed and the living. There was a grand banquet in the evening, at which Henry Pease presided as chairman. Some hundreds sat down to it. Toasts, proclaimed in due course by the trumpeters, and speeches followed ; then fireworks, and an illumination of the town ; and gradually, as night drew on, the vast multitude dispersed. The success of the day was a great gratification to him, especially as his native town was thus publicly recognised as the cradle of railways.

This sketch of my husband's life and character would not be complete without alluding to the strong attachment he had for the religious Society of which he was a member.

He was not only a "Friend" by birthright membership, but by deep conviction. He believed their principles to be those of the New Testament, and he revered them accordingly.

Though brought up in a strict school, at a time when the peculiarities were strongly enforced, he was not rigid in his adherence to them in later years. He laid aside the "plain coat" when travelling, or in his undress at home, for one of more comfortable cut, not that he was ashamed of his colours, and where conscience intervened he was firm.

The various duties that devolved upon him as member of a Christian Church he fulfilled with great conscientiousness and diligence. For many years he filled the office of Elder, which he felt a solemn responsibility—remembering the injunction of the Apostle, "Feed the Flock of God." He did not often speak in Meetings for Worship, but when his voice was heard it was because he felt the way some passage of Scripture had been opened out before his mind, in his silent prayerful waiting before the Lord, showed it was not intended for his own comfort and instruction alone. And the force and simplicity of these short expositions, going home as they did to the hearts of those who heard him, seemed to show that he was not wrong in believing that the message was intended also for others.

But if he waited for best help and guidance before venturing to exhort his fellow worshippers, he felt this still more necessary before engaging in prayer.

And the occasions on which he did thus publicly seek to lead the petitions of a congregation will never be forgotten by some who heard him. It was the cry of a soul wrestling with God for a blessing, approaching the Mercy-seat with deep reverence, and yet with filial confidence. In the small Meeting, which, during the last few years he attended with his family during the summer months while at Stanhope, he generally said a few words, and frequently knelt in prayer. He often spoke of these seasons of almost silent worship as sweet and refreshing to him.

There were times, particularly in his earlier life when cares and anxieties were pressing upon him, when the periods of silence in meetings were often full of conflict and distress. This is not unfrequently mentioned with deep self-abasement in his journal; and then again, as patience had its perfect work, comes the grateful acknowledgment of help and comfort given.

But inwardly, as well as outwardly, the clouds that often shadowed his path in his meridian days were permitted to disperse, and in the evening-tide there was light.

He was a diligent attender of the meetings for transacting the affairs of the Church. His long training in business habits enabled him to take a valuable part in maintaining the discipline of the Society. Notwithstanding his deep reverence for the past, he was able to take a hopeful view when changes were introduced, when these did not interfere with

the principles which he held dear. The deep thankfulness which filled his heart when he saw the younger generation coming forward to fill the places of those who had been taken to their rest above was often touchingly expressed with words of loving sympathy and encouragement.

But though he was from heart and conviction a Friend, his sympathies and interests were not restricted to that body. He was ever ready to welcome to his house those who came to plead the cause of Truth and Righteousness. Especially did he feel it a privilege to hold out the right hand of fellowship to those who laboured on behalf of the Bible Society. The Dean of Ripon was more than once his guest, and the venerable Lord Teignmouth.

Among those whose acquaintance he thus had the pleasure to make, was the beloved and lamented Dean Stanley.

He came in March, 1877, to inaugurate the opening of the new building for the Training College for Teachers in connection with the British and Foreign School Society.

The gentle, courteous manners for which he was so conspicuous, won the hearts of all. And his brilliant conversation on Macaulay *versus* Hume, on Dr. Arnold, and other kindred topics, was an intellectual treat to those who were privileged to share in it.

But to his host, the attraction was deeper, to find their views were in accord as to the spiritual nature

of worship, and on other points which the brief visit gave opportunity for touching on, drew his heart toward him. As was his invariable custom when any minister of religion was present, Henry Pease asked him to engage in prayer or take any part he liked in the morning "reading." The Dean, however, wished all should be conducted as usual, and Henry Pease read the chapter in the impressive, feeling manner, habitual to him in reading the scriptures, and then a short pause for silent prayer ensued. Dean Stanley's beautiful and expressive face showed with what deep reverence he entered into the simple service.

In parting, Henry Pease presented him with some books explaining the peculiar doctrines of the Society, which he accepted with evident pleasure and interest.

It was, perhaps, not a coincidence so much as a natural sequence—from the train of thought thus induced—that Dean Stanley on the following Sunday in Durham Cathedral advocated the introduction of periods of silent prayer into all seasons of public worship.

They never met again, but Dean Stanley wrote the following spring—

"I look back on my visit to Darlington as a bright spot in my life. This year I have been prevented from a similar expedition to the north by a long and severe illness, but I trust that I am mending, and that I may yet be allowed to do something for the good of my country 'before I go hence and be no more seen.' "

The day's work was more nearly ended for them both than probably either of them anticipated.

These two men, the course and direction of whose energies and interests through life had been widely sundered—one the active man of business, the originator of railways and the founder of towns, the other the earnest thinker and writer—meeting felt a bond of union on the common ground of one faith and hope, and parted, may we not believe, to meet again where all creeds and differences disappear, in the presence of their Saviour, the one foundation of light and love both here and there ?

CHAPTER VIII.

His Serious Illness—Death of his Grandson—Tour in Spain—Yearly Meeting—Attack of Bronchitis—Visits Torquay, Falmouth, Stanhope, London—Closing Scene.

AS this short story of Henry Pease's life will probably fall into the hands of some who never saw him, a few words respecting his personal appearance may not be without interest. He was above the usual height, being 6ft. 3in. ; his hair became grey rather early in life ; in manner he was courteous, with mingled dignity and sweetness.

The frontispiece gives a good idea of how he looked when he stood before an audience in his frequent position as chairman, though it does not give a hint of the brightness, and the play of words that often characterised his short speeches.

His health had improved with advancing years up to the winter of 1878-9. He no longer suffered from the severe headaches that at one period much troubled him. He rose early, took long walks, and had few of the infirmities of age. But in the February of 1879 he was suddenly seized with a severe illness, which was called by his medical attendants "catarrhic fever." His strength was greatly reduced, and for some weeks he lay in a

precarious state. When sufficiently recovered to leave home he went to Stanhope. Here he wonderfully revived ; the fine bracing air was just what he needed, and he quickly regained life and vigour.

He was, however, called to pass through a great sorrow at this time in the death of his beloved little grandson, Norman Henry, who died at Cannes, May 1st, aged about 13, a boy of singular beauty and promise. Besides his own sense of loss, he felt the tenderest sympathy for his beloved son and daughter in having to surrender such a treasure.

Though scarcely fit for the exertion, he was anxious to attend the annual assembly of the Society, which takes place in London in May. The meetings last about a fortnight. He had not missed one of these, to him deeply interesting and important occasions, since giving up his seat in Parliament in 1865.

He bore the journey and the fatigue of the meetings and seeing his friends better than was expected, and during the following summer, which was spent chiefly at Saltburn and Stanhope, his health gradually but decidedly improved.

In the autumn a short driving tour among the Lakes was much enjoyed, and pleasant visits were paid to relations in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. All seemed to tend to bring back a great measure of health and strength, but a weakness of the heart continued, which awoke grave anxiety.

He thought little of it himself, as he had apparently no feeling of illness, except a difficulty in breathing in attempting to walk up-hill.

The winter passed much as usual. He could scarcely be persuaded to give up attending any of the committees and meetings he was interested in, and as the spring advanced he astonished those who knew how far from strong he really was by the energy and hopefulness with which he planned a journey to the south of Spain.

His nephew Edward, who had been for some time in a very suffering state of health, joined the party at Folkestone, and crossed with them to Paris. After a day spent together there, Edward went forward to Cannes to meet his sisters, who had been spending the winter in the south of France. His health had improved even during his short stay in Paris, and for a time this improvement continued after reaching Cannes ; but on leaving for the north of Italy he became worse, and at Lucerne, on the homeward journey, in May, he fell asleep in Jesus. His last words were, "Thou hast compassed me about with songs of deliverance."

To return to the rest of the party. After leaving Paris they travelled by easy stages through France to Perpignan, where they got their first glimpse of the snow-covered Pyrenees. At Barcelona they stayed several days, and at Tarragona and Valencia. Then crossing Spain by rail they reached Cordova, from whence they visited Granada, returning by Madrid,

and resting a week or two at Biarritz before taking the journey home.

Though every name calls up a host of tender recollections of Henry Pease's cheerfulness and patience, his unselfish desire for the enjoyment of others, and his lively interest in the new scenes that day by day were unfolded, this brief mention of his last distant journey must suffice—except we would dwell for a moment on the extreme pleasure he felt in seeing the natural productions of this wonderfully fertile, though in many parts neglected, land. The palm groves and the orange gardens delighted him. True to his love for horticulture, he always sought out the gardens wherever he went, and nothing could exceed his admiration of a garden at Cordova, when from one terrace to another, under the shade of orange trees in full fruit and blossom, with rose trees in magnificent bloom, he came out upon a platform commanding a view of the plain and the city below and the snowy range of the Sierra Nevada stretching with delicate outline along the horizon. The garden of the Generaliffe at Granada, with its ever flowing fountains and water courses and avenues of cypress, and that of Madame Calderon, which, though a wilderness of rare beauty, greatly delighted him, made him feel half envious of a climate that could produce such results.

He returned home from this long journey decidedly invigorated in health—attended the Yearly Meeting of 1880 in May with much interest and

without appearing overdone. The summer was spent as usual at his sea-side house, and at Stanhope. A little driving tour in Northumberland, reaching as far north as Melrose, was much enjoyed, and on returning to Pierremont in October, he seemed to have more nearly regained his former health than at any time since his serious illness. This, however, was of short duration ; an attack of bronchitis quickly reduced his strength, and aggravated the alarming symptoms of his heart. The weather was unusually severe, obliging him to keep close prisoner to the house. He felt this much, though he was very-cheerful and hopeful about himself, and wished to have his house full of young guests at Christmas as usual, that his children might have a happy holiday. He seemed more anxious even than usual that nothing should interfere with their pleasure, making an effort to share as far as possible in all that was going on.

The cheerfulness and self-forgetfulness beguiled all around him ; no foreboding that it was the last time they would gather round their beloved father in their happy home shadowed his children's pleasure.

As soon as he could prudently leave home he hastened to seek warmth and sunshine further south. At Torquay about three weeks were pleasantly spent. He drove out every day in an open carriage, and sat in the garden of the hotel enjoying the spring sunshine. Then to Penzance,

where he undertook long drives to the Land's End and other excursions without appearing too much fatigued by them. Falmouth was next reached, where dear and loving relations gave a most kind welcome, and this in addition to the beauty of the scenery made the few days spent amongst them especially delightful.

A few quiet days with a brother and sister at Hall Green, near Wednesbury, completed the little tour. Gratitude and peace seemed the clothing of his mind throughout.

On returning home the family moved to Stanhope for their spring sojourn. All his children who were privileged to be with him on this which proved to be his last visit felt that there was a peculiar sweetness and tenderness about his manner, that makes it now a precious time for them to look back upon. He looked well and his voice and manner had much of their accustomed brightness and energy, but the oppression on his breathing in walking continued, giving painful evidence that the weakness of the heart was still there.

There seemed reason, however, to hope that it might with increasing strength be in measure overcome, and as throughout the spring he had never relinquished the hope of being able to attend the Yearly Meeting, and as on former occasions he had borne the fatigue so well, it seemed better to yield to his wishes and arrange to go as usual.

He went up to London on May 16th, and settled in

with some of his family at his accustomed quarters in Finsbury Square.

On the following evening, hearing that his son Lloyd was seriously ill at Cambridge, he made with his wife a hasty and anxious journey there. He returned the next morning to town, relieved about his son, and did not seem over fatigued by this unexpected exertion, but attended part of the meetings on Wednesday and Thursday. On Thursday evening, however, he felt weak and exhausted ; but, with his usual hopefulness, looked forward to resuming his attendance at the meetings the following week.

Dr. Davies, at whose house he was staying, and who was unremitting in his attention and kindness during his illness, saw him the next morning, and took from the first a serious view of his case. As his symptoms became more grave, on Monday Dr. Wilson Fox was called in. The dear invalid was so bright, and had so much apparent vigour, that Dr. Fox was able to encourage the hope that by the end of the week he would have regained his former measure of strength—a hope not destined to be fulfilled. A gradual but decided failure in strength followed. His thoughtfulness for those around him and his lovely patience were very striking. Owing to the great heat of the weather, the windows of his room were kept open, and the sounds of the great city filled the air ; but though he had such an intense love for the stillness of the country, this did not seem

to ruffle him, and he never expressed the least wish to be anywhere but where he was.

On being told that the doctors considered his case a critical one, he showed no anxiety, but seemed able to leave all the future peacefully.

His absent children were summoned, including his son Frank, who was in Italy, and who, by traveling day and night, came in time to be recognised by his beloved father and receive a loving embrace. Peacefully and almost painlessly he sank into that last sleep, in which, on Monday evening, May 30th, 1881, his soul gently passed away, his wife and all his children around him.

The funeral took place at Darlington on June 3rd, and was attended by a large concourse of his fellow townspeople, and by representatives of the corporations, societies, and companies with which he was connected. He was laid in the quiet graveyard behind the Meeting-house, where so many of his beloved ones had already found their last resting-place.

“Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.”

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